

THE  
MORNING RAMBLE;

*Elizabeth<sup>OR</sup> J. Foster*

H I S T O R Y

OF

M I S S E V E L Y N.

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In TWO VOLUMES.

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VOL. I.

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L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXV.

1775



*Handwritten signature*  
MISS T. O. R. Y.

MISS E. V. E. L. Y. W.

MISS TWO VOLUNTARY

VOL. I.

LONDON

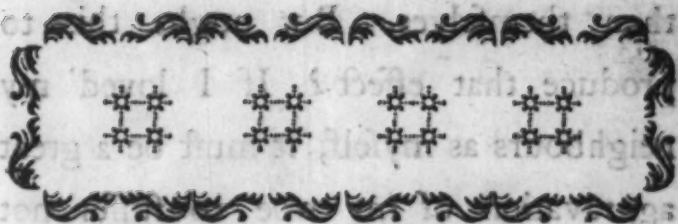
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THE  
MORNING RAMBLE.



LETTER I.

Mrs. DANBY to Mrs. WINSTANLEY.

THE common method which  
people take to console the un-  
fortunate, is, by telling them  
that thousands are still more unhappy  
Vol. I. B than

than themselves. But ought this to produce that effect? If I loved my neighbours as myself, it must be a great aggravation of my woe to suffer not only for myself, but for them. Yet, after all, there is a wide difference between the sensation which our own calamities excite, and that which is excited (even in the most compassionate breast) for those which fall to the lot of others. The first kind of grief rises to anguish, the latter is gentle and melancholy. Of the latter kind was that which my worthy friend's letter produced.

Good heaven! cried I, are misfortunes ever to be a tax imposed on merit?



There

There was no small share of vanity in this exclamation: for O, my dear Winstanley, who has suffered, who has longer groaned under the weight of afflictions than your friend, as a daughter, a wife, and as a mother? Be the memory of my parents cruelly forgotten: and O that I could also forget that I am a parent! Yet, alas! could I so far forget, my misfortunes as a wife, are, of themselves, sufficient to drive me to despair.

My poor Mr. Danby, too late sensible of his indiscretions (to give them no harsher name) o'erwhelms me with sorrow by his moving remorse, by his now returning affection. He sits for

4 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

hours buried in thought, his eyes fixed on the fire: deep groans are his only language. No kind friend comes to condole with us, or, by sharing our grief, attempts to lighten our load. No fashionable raps now are thundered at our door. Exasperated creditors alone attempt to enter this house of mourning. Mr. Danby is always denied; but I have ordered my faithful Sally (now our only domestic) to inform me, by a whisper, when any of them comes, that I may at least give them the satisfaction of knowing what they have to trust to.

This morning Mr. King, our principal creditor, was ushered into the back parlour,

parlour, where I hastened to attend him. He threw his bill on a table, and began in an angry manner to expostulate on the injustice of running in debt, without either the power, or intention of paying. I shut the door, and dropping on one knee, "Spare an unfortunate man," cried I; "drive him not to madness. I do not vindicate his past conduct; but, alas! what will you gain by throwing him into prison; what, by shortening a life which is now quickly advancing towards a period? Oh! spare him, and when he is gone, take all that remains of his once affluent fortune. I have already given up my jointure. The goods of this house, a few cloaths,"

ym "



6 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

“and a trifle of money, are all we possess in the world. When my poor Mr. Danby is gone, seize them as soon as you please, and let fate,” added I, clasping my hands, “dispose of me as it sees fitting.”

Mr. King, struck with my unexpected address, stood motionless; but at last, recovering from his surprize, he hastened to raise me, and in a voice that spoke his emotions, faltered out, “I did not expect, I was not prepared for such a scene! I am not cruel, I only sought what was my due. But how much less do I stand in need of it than you? Be comforted, Madam, fear nothing from me. I take back  
“ my

"my bill. There," continued he, substituting another paper in the room of it, "is one of a different nature much  
"at your service."

He waited not for my thanks, but hurried out of the house.

Let us not, my dear Winstanley, condemn all the world without exception. The great, ignorant of the sharp sting of poverty, unpurified in the furnace of affliction, may indeed be—*may!* alas, fatally have I experienced that they *are*—most unfeeling. But let the worthy Mr. King convince us, that humanity is not quite lost amongst the more respectable, middling rank of  
B 4 people.

8 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

people. The paper he so generously, and in so delicate a manner left, was a Bank note for no less than twenty pounds. Long, long is it since I had such a sum in my possession. Let me hasten to procure with part of it what may refresh and comfort *him* whom I have vowed to cherish in sickness and in health. Oh! how chearfully do I fly to fulfill that vow! Adieu. Ever yours,

EMILIA DANBY.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

To and from the Same.

**Y**OUR letters, dear Winstanley, are my only comfort. Your last, thrown into the form of a journal, in spite of my deep-rooted grief, forced a smile, and for a moment beguiled the memory of my woe.

With what true humour have you described your present situation, and the character of that poor, vain, insignificant Mrs. Lemoine! That fools are fortu-

nate is a true saying: yet all those blessings which would throw you and I into rapture, are lost on her, who in all respects is so stupidly insensible. In all respects but what regards her beauty I should say; her fondness, her anxiety about that, is highly ridiculous: had she no greater foible, however, I could content myself with laughing at her; but her treatment of you, so much her elder, and in every respect her superior, renders her detestable. How dreadful a state is that of dependance to a susceptible mind, delicate as yours! and yet you shew a philosophical, or rather a pious resignation to your fate, which excites both my envy and admiration. Often, to drive away for a while the pain  
of



of reflection, I take up a book, and stepping, by its means, out of the thorny path of reality into the more agreeable regions of fancy, I for a time lose the memory of my woes ; then, when my imagination is heated by the story I have been perusing, I pause, throw it aside, and indulge a waking dream ; I restore myself to health, to freedom, and to competency ; I fly with you, the friend of my heart, to enjoy in imagination the calm serenity of the country.

There

—We wander far away,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray,  
O'er the mountain's barren breast,  
Where lab'ring clouds do often rest,  
Through the meads, with dazies py'd,  
Shallow brooks and rivers wide.

With what serenity do we return to our neat cottage! what contentment crowns our chearful board! how sweet our nightly slumbers! O charming dreams! delightful visions! Alas! the soothing elusions in a moment are fled, and you are again subjected to the insults of a haughty and capricious woman, who deals her bounty with a scanty hand, and I find myself in a solitary and gloomy chamber, stripped of half its furniture to supply our pressing wants. I just now retired into it that I might ease my tortured breast by giving vent to my tears, which the presence of Mr. Danby restrained. O let me force them to the bottom of my heart, rather than add by my sorrow to his, already, almost  
in-

insupportable affliction. He looked at me, just before I left him, with such an air of anguish, it made me shudder."

"Emilia," said he, with a deep groan, "'tis now twenty years since I received your hand at the altar. Lovingly in your person, unspotted in your mind, and with a fortune superior to my own, tho' at that time considerable, what a prodigal have I been?" added he, striking his breast; "I have thrown away my honour, my wealth, thy youth, my Emilia, and with all these my own happiness and peace—alas! and thine too, best, and most injured of wives! We had a child also, a smiling cherub. From a mistaken

Beloo

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“tenderness, and compliance with a  
“fashionable, tho’ unnatural custom, I  
“would not suffer you to discharge the  
“amiable duties of a mother for  
“which you was so well qualified, and  
“which you was so solicitous to fulfill.  
“I tore from your fond maternal arms,  
“their darling load. Ah, why was the  
“innocent punished with the guilty? I  
“deserved to lose the blessing of which  
“I was so unworthy; but you, my  
“Emilia, what had you done to merit  
“such a fate?”

He paused, fixed his eyes for some moments on the floor in deep thought. At last, starting, “Yes, that will do!” cried he, wildly. Then, seeming to re-  
collect

collect himself, added, with composure,  
“ If I should die, my love, I charge  
“ you bestow no expence on my breath-  
“ less body. 'Tis a folly even in the  
“ rich : but for a wretch so lost, so de-  
“ stitute as I am, it would be madness.  
“ A coarse covering, a deal shell, and a  
“ small spot of my mother earth will  
“ suffice.—You weep, my injured wife.  
“ My eyes have no more moisture left,  
“ but my heart weeps tears of blood.  
“ When human affairs come to such a  
“ pass as ours have done, there is no  
“ room for hope: nothing but a mira-  
“ cle can restore them. If you, Emilia,  
“ believe in a particular providence,  
“ may it be unto you according to your  
“ faith. When I am at rest, when your  
“ curse



“curse is removed, heaven may perhaps  
“give you a blessing in its stead. Leave  
“me for a while,” continued he, feebly  
pressing my hands between his, which  
were in a burning fever, “leave me.  
“I would fain attempt—what hitherto  
“I have neglected—a prayer, if my  
“heart can frame, my trembling lips  
“can utter one.”

Hark! dear Winstanley, what noise  
is that?—He prays—I hear his solemn,  
his moving voice. How expressive of  
anguish!—I must not interrupt him.—  
Lie down my pen, and let me here join  
in his fervent devotions.

Oh!

Oh ! gracious G—d ! a pistol ! horror !  
—I dare not go.—“ Sally, my terrify’d  
“ Sally, what have you seen ? ”—It is too  
true : what language can describe my  
anguish ?—He’s gone, he’s gone for  
ever !



Here followed an interval of two  
months, most of which time Mrs. Win-  
stanley spent with her friend. After her  
return into the country, the correspond-  
ence was renewed.

LET-

## LETTER III.

Mrs. DANBY to Mrs. WINSTANLEY.

THE mind can feel only to a certain degree, so that whatever misfortunes fate may heap upon us, we shall not be afflicted above what we are able to bear. To your amiable example, my friend, to your pious and sensible consolation and advice, do I owe the little resignation I am mistress of. O, but for you, to what dreadful lengths might not my despair have driven me! A murder'd husband before  
my

my eyes—a self-murder'd husband !  
 How ghastly his looks ! how horrid the  
 reflection on the dreadful deed ! Want  
 and beggary stared me in the face : no  
 resource left. At that moment, when  
 my brain grew giddy, when I was on  
 the verge of madness, heaven sent you,  
 like my guardian angel, to my relief.  
 Blush, blush, ye rich and great, who  
 pass through life without leaving one  
 trace of humanity, one useful action  
 behind to perpetuate your memory ;  
 blush, I say, when so much is in your  
 power, and so little is done.

See a generous woman, see a true  
 friend, poor and dependent, who, tho'  
 she had neither silver nor gold, visited  
 the

the widow in her affliction, and by the industry of her hands administered to her wants.

To you, my Winstanley, and my poor Sally—but words are faint, heaven will, heaven only *can* reward you.

It was impossible to stay in the lodgings where you left me (could I even have afforded to have kept them) after your departure. Your presence had enliven'd both me and the little neat apartments; but never any place appeared so gloomy and disconsolate, as the rooms, and their owner, when you was gone. The affectionate Sally was too much affected herself to be able to attempt consoling  
her



her mistress. We were in a manner stupified with grief. Opposite to each other, busily at work, we sat in profound silence. At last, the good girl thought it incumbent on her to break it, but she could not have chosen a worse method: for behold, her voice broke forth in chanting an old melancholy ditty, which of itself would at any time have made me weep. Next morning the first thing I did was to move our quarters. No difficult task; for few, very few, are now my goods and chattels. I would fain write a little chearfully, in gratitude for the kind pains you took to drive away my melancholy.

Don't

Don't ask a description of my new lodgings—yet a few words will suffice.

One small room as near the clouds as the height of the house will permit; one bed, one table, two chairs—Sally works most assiduously at her *tambour*. I help as well as my eyes will permit. The mind is most at ease and rest when the body is most busy. I have no time now, except when I lay my pensive head on my pillow for lamentation and weeping, and even then sleep, earned by labour, sometimes robs grief of its due. You find then, my worthy friend, your prayers for me are not wholly unanswered; I cannot be altogether wretched, while heaven continues to me your friendship,

a guiltless

a guiltless conscience, health, and my daily bread.

Adieu. I need not say how very much I am yours.

E. DANBY.

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

To and from the Same.

I HAVE to day, for the first time, had a little conversation with my landlady.

She came up to receive her rent, and as we *did* meet, the former was unavoidable ; for she has one of those tongues which honest Thomas thinks “ of aspen leaves be made”.

I shall

I shall not attempt to give you our dialogue verbatim, tho' if I could perfectly recollect it, and could also add the odd delivery, and still odder phrases with which it was intermix'd, I dare say it would amuse you : but the principal thing that struck me was her description of an old gentleman, who it seems lodges in her first floor. A strange part of the town for any one who is not forced to it, from necessity, to take up his residence in. But nothing is to be wonder'd at in such an original as, by her account, this Mr. Ward must be.

He rises every morning at five o'clock, it seems, goes to prayers at six, returns to breakfast, sometimes accompanied by



an old lame soldier, a blind fiddler, or a disabled seaman ; but he never comes in to dinner without bringing some distress'd object to partake of his repast. On a Sunday his apartments are crowded with the halt, the maimed, and the blind, whom he not only cloaths, but feeds. These, however, are only accidental and imperfect acts of charity : his chief business is to find out and relieve distress'd housekeepers. A tradesman on the point of failing by unavoidable misfortunes, receives seasonable supplies, and by that means preserves his credit. Mr. Ward will take no interest for the sums he thus advances. Destitute and friendless widows either become his pensioners, or, if they have talents for it,

are

are put in a way to maintain themselves by their own industry. Fatherless children are his peculiar care: those he educates, and binds out apprentices. By all this it is clear, that his fortune must be very considerable; but I fancy my landlady magnifies at no small rate, when she gives it out to be no less than ten thousand a year.

Adieu, my beloved friend. I could wish to be introduced to so profitable an acquaintance; but chance, or rather Providence, must bring that to pass; since poverty has not yet extinguished my delicacy, or robbed me of that sort of pride, which I trust is laudable.

Yours most affectionately,

C 2

E. D.

LETTER V.

To and from the Same.

**H**ERE is a new and very dreadful affliction, my dear friend. Heaven give me fortitude to support it, and oh! may that gracious heaven, in its own good time, see fit to deliver us from our troubles.

My poor faithful Sally has been ill for this week past. I discovered it by her loss of appetite and altered looks, for the worthy creature strove to con-

ceal it from me, and with unremitting assiduity continued her work as long as she could hold up her head; but this morning she found it impossible to rise, and on sending for an apothecary, he declared her distemper to be the small pox, and that of a very dangerous kind. How, my Winstanley, shall I, by my single labour, be able to maintain us, and to defray the expences necessarily attending her sickness? In providence I will trust: for how often have I experienced such timely assistance as almost appeared miraculous! be not too much distressed then on my account, dear and valued friend: your unfortunately-dependent state compels you to accompany Mrs. Lemoine in her tour. Go, and

30 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

may every blessing attend you. Shall I not see you before you set off? Remember, however, that I will not on this occasion suffer you to yield to what would, at this time, when you must be at expence to fit yourself out for your journey; remember, I say, to restrain your too liberal spirit, for nothing will be received, nay the very attempt will offend,

Your affectionate,

E. DANBY.

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LETTER VI.

To and from the Same.

**T**HANK heaven you are safely returned, my dear friend. I not only lost the pleasure of seeing you by your expedition, but as your stay in the different places you have visited was so short and uncertain, it also put a stop to our correspondence, from which I ever received so much comfort.

Most wonderful events, my Winstanley, have befallen me since your departure.

ture. Were I minutely to relate them, they would fill a volume. No, I will reserve particulars till we meet, and meet we shall ere long, never more to part in this world, I trust. Do you not wonder what I mean? O let no one ever despair, who with humble faith relies on Providence; for verily they shall be fed.

After all my sorrows, after a life of such affliction, to be so amply rewarded for all my sufferings, is truly wonderful. Were but my lost, lamented daughter now restored to me, to partake of my affluence! But that, that would render me too happy; such perfect bliss is not to be expected in this vain world.

“ For

“For heaven’s sake explain,” you cry with impatience.

Know then, that Mr. Ward, the benevolent Mr. Ward, proved to be a near relation of my mother’s. Our well-meaning landlady had revealed to him the distressed situation to which I and my daughter, as she believed Sally to be, were reduced. Indeed I had almost starved myself to afford her nourishment, and had been obliged to part with both her cloaths and my own. He listened, he sighed, and hastened to our relief. On his kind enquiries I related to him every circumstance of my unfortunate history. He was all attention, he paused, he seemed buried in thought

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for.

for some time ; then, in rather a hasty manner, asked the name of my mother.

“ Evelyn,” cried I.

He rose, he clasped me in his arms.

“ ’Tis so, ’tis so,” exclaimed he; “ but  
“ there needed not the ties of blood to  
“ awaken my tenderness, my compas-  
“ sion.” He ordered a physician, re-  
signed, or rather forced me to accept  
of his apartment, hired a careful nurse  
for Sally, and purchased for us every  
comfort. I weep when I reflect on the  
loss of such a friend. I weep for hun-  
dreds of objects, which, if he had lived,  
his overflowing bounty would now have  
relieved.

relieved. Yes, my dear Winstanley, that best, that most charitable of men has paid the debt to nature, which, sooner or later, we must all pay.

He doubted not but that he had had that fatal distemper of which Sally was beginning to recover: he was deceived. It seized him with such symptoms as from the first deprived us of the least hopes of his life. It was now our turn to repay in some measure by our unwearied assiduity, and tender attention, his care of us. When he found himself in danger, he sent for a lawyer, and proper witnesses to make his will. Oh! my friend, can you guess, or will you even believe when I tell you its surprizing



contents?—What say you to two thousand a year? He was master of six, two thousand of which he left—you gasp with impatience—left it to your Emilia.

“Good G—d!” you cry, “is it possible?”

Yes, my friend, true as the Gospel: I am now mistress of an estate to that amount. Sally, the overjoyed Sally, is already set off to Sudly Farm, a little rural habitation, which he has also left me. Indeed it is situated on that part of my estate which lies in Northumberland. The rest of his very large fortune he has left to different funds for the support of his poor pensioners.

Now,

Now, my friend, all I have to add, is a request that you will instantly, on the receipt of this, pack up your cloaths, put a book in your pocket, hang your work-bag on your arm, and with a light heart trip up to your fine lady's room, take a short leave, and be ready when I call on you in my new chaise. Then let us fly to happy and contented scenes of rural felicity. Then shall I truly enjoy my unexpected good fortune, when you, the worthiest of women, and the best of friends, partake it with your ever affectionate

EMILIA DANBY.

LET-

## LETTER VII.

Mrs. DANBY to Lady MEDWAY.

**Y**OUR curiosity shall be gratified, my dear Madam. My mind is now sufficiently tranquil to relate those affecting events about which you are inquisitive, and in which my heart is so deeply interested. I shall indeed have little to do, but to preface that sad narrative, wrote by her, whom I shall never cease to lament.

You

You saw me, Madam, set off for Northumberland with my estimable friend Mrs. Winstanley. The weather was delightful, we travelled at our leisure, the time passed swiftly on. We read, we worked, and chatted by turns, frequently ordering the carriage to stop, that we might admire any remarkably-pleasing prospect. On the fourth day, about evening, we reached my sweet rural retreat. Our sensations, on this occasion, very much resembled those so well described in Gil Blas in a similar situation. How much more beautiful are the objects of nature, than the grandest efforts of art; and how infinitely more are they formed to affect the senses!

40 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

senses ! Adam was placed in a garden, not in a palace, and that when in his state of happiness. There is no describing (what yet every susceptible mind must have experienced) that delightful serenity, that soft calm of the passions, which one feels on entering the country. Can envy, discontent, can vice dwell beneath that roof ? one is tempted to exclaim at the sight of every woodbine-covered cottage ; no, surely its inhabitants must be all love, harmony, and cheerfulness. My mind, at least, was truly so on entering my little hall, and on receiving a rapturous welcome from the worthy Sally, who was almost out of her wits with joy both at my arrival, and my change of fortune.

Edmund

Hardly



Hardly yet dares she cordially credit her senses. She flew with grateful haste likewise to pay her respects to my beloved companion. With kind dispatch she soon prepared my favourite repast, tea. None but those, who had like us been snatched from misery, and at once raised to affluence, can form an idea of our happiness.

In the evening we took a short walk, till a little elegant repast was in readiness for us; after that a hymn of praise to the Bountiful Giver of all good; and then my friend and I retired for the night.

Early

Early in the morning the harmony of the feathered songsters awakened us from our downy slumbers. We rose refreshed and chearful. It was always my custom to walk half an hour before breakfast. My friend had no objection. We put on our straw-bonnets, took our canes, and set off, following the first path that presented itself. As we advanced, it proved a perfect wilderness of sweets. Tempted by a variety of objects, every one of which appeared more inviting than the former, we wandered insensibly much farther than we intended; nor know I when we should have stopped, had not our course been obstructed by a thick wood; so thick indeed,

indeed, that it seemed to be impenetrable. On this I was going to return, when Mrs. Winstanley exclaimed, "I have a great curiosity to see what is in the center of this wood; and behold a narrow winding path, which I have just discovered, puts it in our power. Let us for a few minutes longer lengthen our walk."

I assented with a smile, and she led the way, which proved so mazy and winding, that I foresaw we should be at no small loss to trace it back again. But as the female curiosity of both was excited, we neither of us bestowed much consideration on that head.

After

After about half an hour's walk, for I believe it took us near that time ere we got out of the labyrinth, we were all at once struck with the most pleasingly-gloomy scene that ever I beheld. A verdant meadow, through one part of which murmured a crystal stream, and lost itself in the wood. The trees which surrounded it were chiefly composed of yew and cypress. In the center was erected a pillar of white marble; so formed at the top, as if part of it was broken off. On the pedestal which supported this pillar were placed two Cupids, with their heads pensively reclined on their hands. Between them were Hymen with an extinguished torch,

and

and other emblematical figures. This pillar stood on an eminence, or little mount, which was embellished with flowery shrubs. We drew near, and read on it the following inscription.

TO THE MEMORY OF ELIZA ROACHDALE,  
ONE OF THE MOST AMIABLE OF WIVES,  
AND LOVELIEST OF WOMEN.

Then walked to the other side, which we were just beginning to examine, and had read,

A FRIEND, A MISTRESS,  
AS UNFORTUNATE AS BEAUTIFUL.  
OH! DEATH,  
TWICE HAST THOU PIERCED MY HEART!  
REPEAT THY BLOW,  
AND I'LL FORGIVE THE PAST.

When



When a little rustling behind us among the trees made us start, and retire to some distance.

"This spot," cried I, "is sacred to the dead. The next thing I expect to see is some of their ghosts. For heaven's sake ! let us return to the more chearful haunts of men."

As the noise seemed to proceed from that part of the wood which we had entered at, we struck hastily into a different path, without waiting to consider where it might lead to ; all that the nurse, all that the priest had taught, rushed upon my imagination. I was hastily making my retreat without daring  
to

to look back, when my companion touched me by the sleeve, crying in a low voice, "See, see, my dear Mrs. Danby, "if that is an apparition. 'Tis one "which bears so pleasing a form, that "I am not in the least tempted to fly "from it."

I turned my head on this, and beheld, advancing to the monument, a man, who appeared to be about forty, of a most graceful carriage, and elegant form, dressed in deep mourning. He walked with a pensive melancholy air, his arms folded, and eyes fixed on the ground. We concealed ourselves behind some shrubs, where we might see unseen; he went up to that side of the pillar which

48 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

was dedicated to the memory of a wife, and gathering some flowers, formed them into a kind of garland, which he hung on one of the little marble mourners: then, raising his eyes to heaven, heaved a sigh, rather expressive of soft melancholy, than recent grief. He walked round to the other side. There, far different expressions took possession of his features: anguish, deep-rooted sorrow, and despair. He smote his breast, groaned from the bottom of his heart, and at last threw himself prostrate on the earth, resting his face on his clasped hands.

“Alas! alas!” cried I, deeply affected at this scene, “there, I fear, is  
“an

“an object whom I want the power to  
“relieve.”

“What would I give,” interrupted  
Mrs. Winstanley, “to know his fatal  
“story! He seems, by the monument,  
“to lament both a wife and a mistress.  
“Is it possible to love twice with such  
“fervour, as to account for the deep  
“grief he appears to feel for both?”

“Let us hasten home,” said I, “per-  
“haps we may in the neighbouring  
“village be able to gain some particu-  
“lars of the affair, if what we beheld  
“is not the effect of enchantment,  
“which I am almost inclined to believe  
“it is.”

Conversing in this manner we continued our uncertain rout, till at the end of a long and shady avenue we discovered a large, irregular building, which, tho' antique, had an air of venerable grandeur.

"There," said I, "is a castle built by our ancestors. I wonder if its inhabitants still retain any of old English hospitality. If they do, I should be much obliged to them, if they would at least treat us with a breakfast."

"I more than wish it," returned Mrs. Winstanley; "I stand in absolute necessity of some refreshment. My dear friend,



"friend, do not be alarmed," continued she, sinking on the ground; "the walk was too long; I fear I shall faint."

Terrified at hearing this, it almost reduced me to the same condition. I know not what would have become of us, had not heaven sent us timely assistance. Casting my eyes round, with a look of despair, I beheld an old man with silver locks and prepossessing aspect advancing towards us. By his air and dress I guessed him to be one of the domesticks of the castle; nor was I mistaken.

"My good friend," said I, accosting him with an accent of kindness, "I fear

“ we shall be regarded here as imper-  
 “ tinent intruders. Chance directed us  
 “ to this retreat, and then, I own, cu-  
 “ riosity led us on too far, both for our  
 “ health and our politeness: this lady  
 “ is quite faint. We are at a loss to  
 “ recover the path we have too heed-  
 “ lessly quitted. We are fasting, greatly  
 “ fatigued, and almost strangers in this  
 “ neighbourhood. If you will have the  
 “ goodness to procure us a guide, he  
 “ shall be amply rewarded for his trou-  
 “ ble. My house is called Sudley Farm.”

“ Lackaday,” cried the honest man,  
 having patiently waited till I had finished  
 my harangue, “ you are fasting! Well,  
 “ if you can drink milk, you need not  
 “ long

“long continue so: here is some which  
“I have just been to fetch from our  
“dairy.”

Mrs. Winstanley thankfully accepted  
this offer.

“If you will follow me,” resumed  
our new friend, “you may have still  
“better fare. No one ever yet went  
“hungry or naked from my dear master’s  
“hospitable gate. Ah, many a merry  
“heart has he made; but, alas! alas!  
“he cannot now make his own so. O,  
“Madam, if you did but know him,  
“you would not wonder that his poor  
“old servant, who has dandled him in  
“his arms when he was an infant, and

“whom he so kindly cherishes now he  
 “is old and unfit for service, you  
 “would not wonder to see these  
 “tears.”

“I am so far from wondering,” said  
 I, “that even, from the hints you have  
 “dropped, mine are inclined to flow  
 “as well as yours. But tell us, my  
 “friend, who is this valued and un-  
 “fortunate master of thine?”

“Sir William Roachdale, madam,”  
 returned he. “You must indeed be  
 “strangers in this part of the country,  
 “not to have heard of him. His kind-  
 “ness, his charity is most unbounded:  
 “he is the best of masters, the best  
 “of

"of friends, and was, in my sweet  
"good lady's life-time, the best of  
"husbands. Well, he will be rewarded  
"hereafter, though he will not take  
"comfort here. I am sure it makes my  
"heart bleed to see how piteously he  
"takes on."

"What for his lady, friend?" cried  
Mrs. Winstanley.

"No, madam, that is not quite the  
"case I take it, though to be sure he  
"did lament a long while on that ac-  
"count; but at last he was brought  
"to think of another marriage, and  
"that marriage, I believe, caused all  
"the mischief."



"How so, my friend?" said I:  
 "You have greatly excited my cu-  
 "riosity."

"I do not pry into my master's se-  
 "crets," returned he: "People give  
 "various accounts of the affair, but I  
 "take it scarce any body knows all  
 "the particulars of the story, but his  
 "honour, and Mrs. Randal, our cu-  
 "rate's wife, who, though she be hum-  
 "ble in fortune, is rich in piety and  
 "good sense; so is her husband, our  
 "good old Pastor: though to be sure,  
 "he is not so bright, as it were; so  
 "courtly, as one may say, as my ma-  
 "ster's friend Mrs. Randal. She and  
 "her husband are now the only guests  
 "that

“ that are admitted to the castle; for  
“ his honour’s daughter, madam For-  
“ rest, is gone to the German Spa for  
“ her health. Folks think she will ne-  
“ ver return : to be sure she is almost  
“ heart-broken about my master, and  
“ who would not, to see him lying upon  
“ the cold earth for hours together, or  
“ walking by himself up and down the  
“ wood, with his arms across, and  
“ never speaking to any body from  
“ morning to night, nor reading, nor  
“ playing his music as he used to do?  
“ I verily believe he has not so much as  
“ smiled these three years that he has  
“ been here buried alive, as it were.  
“ And he makes us all wear mourning  
“ as you see.”

So prated the old man, and we listened with such attention, that instead of returning, as we had intended, we had, without thinking, followed him close up to the house.

"What are we about, my friend?" cried I to Mrs. Winstanley: "Do you see where we are got to?"

I stopped short, for at that instant Sir William made his appearance. We looked very silly, I fancy, on being caught in conference with his domestic; but he was too polite to manifest any resentment.

"These

"These ladies, please your honour," said the servant, "have lost their way; and I am endeavouring to set them right."

"Do so by all means," returned Sir William in a most pleasing voice; then bowing gracefully, and no less graciously, he passed on.

"The finest figure without exception, I ever beheld!" cried Mrs. Winstanley.

"Nor is his face inferior," interrupted I. Then turning to the old man, "Do us the favour, if you can conveniently, to conduct us to the worthy

“curate’s house of whom you was  
“talking.”

With this request he chearfully complied, and I no less chearfully rewarded him for his services.

We had set off on our ramble about six, it was now a little past eight, I mean when we reached the parsonage house. It was a pleasing rural cottage, covered with jasmine and honey-suckles, whose luxuriant sweets wantonly twined without restraint, almost obscuring the windows which were opened to receive their balmy perfume. A little neat garden presented itself before the house, encompassed with white paling, the  
latch’d



latch'd door of which we opened, and in a shady arbour close to it, saw the happy couple, of whom we were in search, seated at their breakfast, attended by a blooming country girl. I had prepared a speech to apologize for our intrusion: But, good heaven! speech, apology, ceremony, all, all were forgotten; when, in Mrs. Randal, who rose to receive us, I beheld the loved features of my long-lost, long-lamented sister.

I will here digress, in order briefly to relate her story. It does not require many pages to do this, in the way I intend to do it.

A gen-

A gentleman of fortune paid his addresses to her when she was about fifteen. His fortune was not his only recommendation; she loved him with a disinterested passion. The day was fixed for their marriage. On the eve of that day they took a country ramble. Time flies swiftly in company with those we love. 'Twas late ere they returned. I chanced to be in the hall when they entered. My sister quitted her lover's arm and flew up stairs. He walked into the parlour, with an air which I could not help remarking to be uncommonly pensive. Caroline excused herself from attending at supper: we retired earlier than usual to our apartments.

Next

Next morning I hastened to visit the intended bride : she was exceedingly dejected. I assisted her to dress, when some one tapped at the room-door, which was opened, and a note, by one of the servants delivered into her trembling hand : she read it, and fell senseless on the floor. It contained only these words.

“ Fortune, jealous of our felicity, has  
 “ separated us for ever. By too eagerly  
 “ grasping at happiness, I have lost it.  
 “ Call me not perjured and ungrateful ;  
 “ there are some favours which ought  
 “ never to be granted. I would not do  
 “ you the injustice now to become  
 “ your husband. I fear I should not be  
 “ able

“able to respect you so much as I  
 “really believe you deserve. Perhaps I  
 “am too delicate in these affairs: ’tis  
 “the fault of my nature. Adieu. By the  
 “time you receive this I shall be at  
 “many miles distance.”

I shall not attempt to describe the  
 scene that followed on my unfortunate  
 sister’s recovery. A dangerous fever  
 was the consequence of her emotions :  
 she made me the confidant of her fatal  
 weakness. I continued to keep it from  
 the knowledge of our parents. The  
 wretch, who indeed most deserved it,  
 alone excited their resentment.

Business

Business demanded my father's presence in town: my sister and I continued in the country. Her illness, her cruel disappointment made her shun the society of our former acquaintance, nor was there any one surprized at it: alas! they did not know the worst of her misfortunes.

A few months made so visible an alteration in her shape that we found it necessary to seek a still more private retreat. On a pretence of going to Bath, and by taking other precautions, we unsuspected removed to an obscure cottage, where, however, we made shift to procure every thing needful for the occasion. The ill-fated Caroline was  
there



66 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

there safely delivered of a fine boy. She had hardly once opened her lips for some weeks before, not even to me, and now her only language was tears, which she shed in abundance on the face of her innocent, hapless infant. In spite of her grief she recovered surprisingly; and I was beginning to think of our return home, and also in what manner to dispose of the child, whom the fond mother, in spite of my persuasions, had put to her breast. I foresaw that I should have a difficult task to wean them both.—Alas! that trouble was spared me.

One morning I went early as usual to my sister's apartment, and as usual softly  
drew

drew back the curtain for fear of disturbing her, when, behold, the bed was empty! I called, but received no answer. Casting my eyes on her dressing-table, I saw a note in her hand-writing directed to me. Never shall I forget the contents. They were as follow :

“ To my ever-dear and affectionately  
 “ loved sister, my more than sister, my  
 “ best, indeed my only friend, I bid a  
 “ long, a last adieu.

“ Oh! my Emilia, cherish the me-  
 “ mory of your unfortunate Caroline;  
 “ forget her dishonour. She goes, by a  
 “ life of poverty and penitence, to atone  
 “ for her fall. I must at all events have  
 “ been

"been an out-cast from my family;  
 "for no power on earth should compel  
 "me to desert my beloved infant,  
 "therefore my shame must have been  
 "revealed. My justly-incensed parents  
 "would not have received us both—  
 "and, oh! can a mother forsake her  
 "child, the smiling infant hanging at  
 "her breast? No, no, my boy, we will  
 "go together, betide us what will. Pro-  
 "vidence will protect and be our guide.  
 "Farewell then, my friend, my kind,  
 "indulgent sister. Heaven reward you  
 "for all your goodness to the wretched

"CAROLINE."

It was now three and twenty years  
 since she thus made her retreat, nor  
 could

could I ever, by the most diligent search, during that long period, discover the place of her abode, or gain the least tidings what was become of her. I had been a wife, a mother—painful recollection! a mother still more unfortunate than her, and also a widow in that space of time.

'Tis much easier to imagine, than for the most eloquent pen to describe such a meeting as ours. Tears, exclamations of joy, and a thousand incoherent, unanswered questions on both sides, employed the first half hour. I received also a kind welcome from my brother-in-law.

But

But I forget that my intention, when I commenced this little work, was only to present your ladyship with the history of Sir William Roachdale. Ah! little did I know, when from my sister I received the papers from whence I was to collect it, that I should find myself so deeply interested!—But I will not anticipate.

The first part of the narrative shall remain as I found it. (Ye starting tears, where is that fortitude which I vainly thought I had acquired by adversity; where that resignation which true piety ought to inspire? Pardon me, good Heaven, and save me from ingratitude: thy mercies far outweigh thy just corrections).



corrections). By Miss Henrietta Evelyn the history is begun. Take her own words.

“ To those who have like me received  
 “ in their tortured bosoms the keen  
 “ arrows of adversity and disappoint-  
 “ ment, the painful wounds of which  
 “ still bleed, I address my sad tale of  
 “ woe, that I may for a while beguile  
 “ the memory of their own sorrows, by  
 “ teaching them to heave a compas-  
 “ sionate sigh for those which I relate.”

“ The first thing which I distinctly  
 “ remember was my being seated on  
 “ some straw very cold, and very hungry,  
 “ crying; and that at some distance  
 “ stood

72 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

“ stood a tall woman of a swarthy com-  
 “ plexion, who, with an angry counte-  
 “ nance, was threatening to beat me if  
 “ I would not be quiet. Hunger, how-  
 “ ever, compelled me to disregard her  
 “ threats. I held out my little hands,  
 “ and with streaming eyes lisped out,  
 “ Pray, pray, Bread, bread. She at the  
 “ moment was eating some. Exaspe-  
 “ rated at my clamour, she sprung for-  
 “ ward, and uttering some passionate  
 “ speech, which I do not recollect, hit  
 “ me such a box on the ear, that I fell  
 “ almost senseless on the earth. When  
 “ I recovered I sat up again, and was  
 “ going to renew my lamentation, but  
 “ looking round, to my great joy I per-  
 “ ceived the woman was gone, and what  
 “ was

“was still better had dropped a piece  
 “of her bread at my feet. I eagerly  
 “seized it, and instantly dried my tears.  
 “The wants of nature are easily satisfied.  
 “I wished for nothing but what I then  
 “enjoyed. Happy state of childhood!  
 “which neither anticipates future ills,  
 “nor looks back to those that are  
 “passed.

“How long I had been with the be-  
 “fore-mentioned woman, it is impos-  
 “sible, at so early a period of my life,  
 “for me to guess; but I remember to  
 “have travelled about with her some-  
 “times tied to her back, sometimes fol-  
 “lowing her on foot. She had, how-  
 “ever, treated me too harshly to inspire

“me with the least affection, which gave  
“me reason to believe, when I was old  
“enough to reflect, that she could not  
“be my mother. Nevertheless, when  
“I had finished my homely repast, I, at  
“the time before-mentioned, began to  
“be terrified at being alone, and clasp-  
“ing my hands together (as I used to  
“do when begging of her not to whip  
“me) I called out as loud as I could,  
“O mam, mam, take me, take me.  
“While I spoke I was standing and  
“stretching out my neck, wistfully  
“looking towards the road. Provi-  
“dence, which no doubt had some wise  
“purpose to answer by reserving me for  
“future trials, at that moment sent me  
“a generous protector.

“A gen-

“A gentleman, attended by a venerable gray-headed domestic, heard my lamentations. They stopped to listen from whence they proceeded, saw me, were struck with compassion, and hastened to my relief.

“My memory will not serve me to be minute in this first interesting part of my life. I was mounted before the servant, carried to a fine house, fed with dainties, and clothed with elegance: I was presented to a lady, who embraced and called me her child: the domestics treated me with respect, and all was joy and festivity. What a delightful change for me! I had a governess appointed, and was



“taught every accomplishment which  
“became a young lady of rank and  
“fortune. I was bid to call the gen-  
“tleman and lady papa and mama :  
“nay, in a little time, I actually be-  
“lieved them to be such, and felt for  
“them all the tenderness of a child.

“When I was about twelve years of  
“age, my governess came one morning  
“hastily into my room, and taking out  
“my best cloaths, ordered an attendant  
“to dress me as quick as possible, For  
“Miss is going, said she, to be intro-  
“duced to her grand papa, who is just  
“returned from the West Indies, where  
“he has been for some years past. I  
“was accordingly adorned to the best  
“advan-

“ advantage. My mother looked first  
“ at me, then at Mr. Cecil her husband.  
“ I declare, cried she, I think there is  
“ a likeness. May heaven give success  
“ to our project. This, if any thing  
“ can, must, I think, soften his heart,  
“ and then my happiness will be com-  
“ plete.”  
“ We got into the coach, and after  
“ a pretty long journey reached the  
“ noble seat of my grandfather, Sir  
“ William Roachdale. My mother trem-  
“ bled exceedingly on entering the house.  
“ Mr. Cecil endeavoured to encourage  
“ her drooping spirits. A servant led  
“ the way. She supported herself on  
“ my father’s arm, and I followed.

"The door opened, and we beheld a  
 "majestic old man sitting on an elbow-  
 "chair at the head of the room. My  
 "parents advanced, and threw them-  
 "selves at his feet.

"O Sir, cried my mother weeping,  
 "time I hope has softened your resent-  
 "ment. Pardon your (in one instance  
 "only) undutiful daughter, and permit  
 "me to present to you my child: let  
 "her plead for me. She took my hand,  
 "and I knelt down by her side.

"What have you then a child at last?"  
 "said the old gentleman. May she  
 "never, added he, looking at me, and  
 "brushing off a starting tear, teach you

"The "

"to

"to feel what I have done by your dis-  
obedience:

"Alas, Sir, interrupted Mrs. Cecil,  
will not my true penitence and the  
length of my punishment atone?

"Sir William continued wistfully gaz-  
ing at me;

"Nature, nature is too powerful, at  
last he exclaimed, in broken accents:

"Come to my arms all three! That child,

that girl, is the very image of my Har-

riet; she shall make peace. Mr. Cecil,

added he, stretching out his hand,

your father was the only man on earth

that I regarded as an enemy. I detested

“all his race. To increase my hatred,  
“you basely stole my darling daughter.  
“My native country became odious to  
“me. I fled to savages, fled to where in  
“my youth I had accumulated, by honest  
“industry, that wealth which I vainly  
“hoped would enable me in peace and ease  
“to enjoy my age; but you frustrated my  
“schemes, and destroyed all my prospects  
“of felicity. I was punished for having  
“bestowed more affection on one child  
“than the rest. She, of all my family  
“alone, repaid my fondness with ingra-  
“titude. Her brother is an honour to us  
“all. You, Caroline, and he, are all that  
“remain of my once-numerous offspring.  
“Come then, let me no longer debar  
“myself of the enjoyment of those which  
“are



“are left. Yet, had you not been able  
 “to produce that advocate (pointing  
 “to me with a smile) I much question  
 “if this reconciliation would have taken  
 “place. Old people are subject to obsti-  
 “nacy. You, Cecil, I had hated for  
 “your father’s sake ; but now I will en-  
 “deavour to love you for your own.”

“Tears of joy on my mother’s part  
 “followed. She threw herself into the  
 “arms of her respectable father. He em-  
 “braced us all repeatedly, and me with  
 “more fondness than the rest, exclaiming,  
 “in the height of his transports, Cecil,  
 “you robbed me of my daughter, and in  
 “return I’ll rob thee of thine. This child  
 “shall live with me, you may have more.

“ Deny me not that consolation in my old  
“ age. From this moment I adopt her.  
“ She shall have the fortune which I in-  
“ tended for her mother. You are rich  
“ enough and stand not in need of it.  
“ Though if you behave well, conti-  
“ nued he smiling, I may perhaps make  
“ you a trifling present of ten or fifteen  
“ thousand pounds. My son will have  
“ a noble estate: with my *acquired* for-  
“ tune I’ll do what I please. William  
“ has a generous spirit, and will not mur-  
“ mur at my bestowing it on this lovely  
“ girl.  
“ We continued for about a fortnight  
“ at my grandfather’s, all which time was  
“ dedicated to mirth and festivity. My  
“ parents

“parents then, loaded with rich presents,  
 “took their leave, being, by the old gen-  
 “tleman’s entreaties, reluctantly prevail-  
 “ed on to let me and my governess re-  
 “main with him. I wept when I parted  
 “with them, but I was too young for  
 “grief to make any deep or lasting im-  
 “pression on my heart, and the excessive  
 “indulgence of my grandfather soon  
 “made amends for their loss. He carried  
 “that indulgence even to a fault, and I  
 “should by it have been utterly spoiled,  
 “had it not been for the prudent care of  
 “my worthy governess, who zealously  
 “watched over me for my good, and  
 “with kind severity corrected my errors,  
 “endeavouring to check my petulance,  
 “my pride, and vanity : of the latter of

“which I had a competent share, being  
 “constantly told by my fond grandfather,  
 “and those of his acquaintance who wish-  
 “ed to please him by conforming to his  
 “humour, that I was a perfect beauty;  
 “that no girl of my age had half so much  
 “wit, and that I was graceful as an an-  
 “gel. O flattery! thou art the bane of  
 “our sex; as well as our darling passion.

“I wrote once a month to my parents,  
 “with whom my governess kept up a still  
 “more regular correspondence. She had  
 “been my mother’s school-fellow, and  
 “though reduced to her humble state by  
 “misfortunes, still continued to be her  
 “intimate friend and confidant. Every  
 “summer too those justly-loved parents  
 “spent

“ spent two or three months at my grand-  
 “ father’s, whose age seem’d to be renew’d  
 “ by those happy events. Indeed he was  
 “ far from being an old man : not much  
 “ on the wrong side of fifty, florid,  
 “ healthy, and had in his youth been re-  
 “ markably handsome, as was at that time  
 “ his son. A short history of whom will  
 “ not be improperly introduced in this  
 “ place.

“ At nineteen he had, with his father’s  
 “ approbation, married a lady of birth  
 “ and fortune, with whom he was pas-  
 “ sionately in love. For two years they  
 “ enjoyed all the delights which so well-  
 “ concerted an union could bestow. I  
 “ there was any alloy to their happiness,  
 “ it



"it was the want of a pledge of their  
 "mutual love. Heaven, at the end of  
 "the before-mentioned period, saw fit  
 "to grant their wish. How little do we  
 "know for what we *ought* to wish! Mr.  
 "Roachdale paid dear for the gratifica-  
 "tion of his, in bringing into the world  
 "a daughter, the amiable, the blooming  
 "Eliza—his adored wife lost a life which  
 "he prized above his own.

"For three years after this melancholy  
 "event, he retired to a small estate which  
 "he had in Northumberland, There he  
 "erected a monument to his departed  
 "love, and there shut himself up from  
 "all society to lament her loss. During  
 "that time his sister, my mother, made  
 "a pri-

“ a private marriage. My exasperated  
“ grandfather went abroad to the West-  
“ Indies, to which climate he had been  
“ seasoned in his youth. Mr. Roachdale  
“ was soon after ordered by his phyfi-  
“ cians to the South of France for the  
“ recovery of his health, to which place  
“ he went accompanied by his daughter  
“ and her nurse. He continued for se-  
“ veral years so absorbed in grief, that  
“ he had very little intercourse with his  
“ family. To his father, indeed, he fre-  
“ quently wrote; but from him he  
“ neither asked nor gained any intelli-  
“ gence. He was the less anxious  
“ about his sister, because, though she  
“ had offended her family by her mar-  
“ riage, and particularly Sir William,  
“ yet

“ yet her husband was in very affluent cir-  
 “ cumstances; so that, till my grand-  
 “ father wrote him an account of his re-  
 “ conciliation with his daughter, he knew  
 “ not to what part of the country they  
 “ had retired, nor that they had a child.

“ Mr. Roachdale returned an answer  
 “ to this letter, congratulating sir Wil-  
 “ liam on the happy event, and also on  
 “ his enjoying the pleasure of my com-  
 “ pany, the pretty smiling Henrietta as  
 “ he called me from his father’s de-  
 “ scription: but added, I hope how-  
 “ ever you will reserve some portion of  
 “ your affections for my little Eliza,  
 “ who has been taught by me, though  
 “ unknown, to respect her grandfather.

“ This

"This epistle Sir William read to my  
 "parents in my presence. He turned to  
 "me with a smile. Shall I love that lit-  
 "tle girl? cried he. To be sure, re-  
 "turned I; you should love every body;  
 "but nobody so very, *very* dearly as you  
 "do your Henrietta. No, that I  
 "never shall, resumed he, fondly em-  
 "bracing me.

"One day, when my governess and I  
 "were sitting at work in my dressing-  
 "room, I fell into a reverie. I was  
 "then entering into my fifteenth year,  
 "and very womanly of my age. Mrs.  
 "Stanley, indeed, had accustomed me to  
 "a habit of reflection.

"I have

"I have been recollecting, said I,  
 "breaking a silence which had continued  
 "several minutes, some incidents of my  
 "infancy which greatly puzzle me. Pray  
 "who was that tall, ill-looking brown  
 "woman who almost starved me, and  
 "who used me so harshly? how came  
 "my indulgent parents to trust me with  
 "such a nurse, if she was a nurse; and  
 "then how came I to be left alone un-  
 "der a hedge, when papa met me?

"Mrs. Stanley coloured a little at the  
 "beginning of my interrogatories, but  
 "when I ceased speaking answered with  
 "great composure, You was stolen by  
 "gypsies, from nurse, my dear, to the  
 "infinite grief of your parents. Your  
 "father



“father found you by chance after a  
 “fruitless search of more than a year.  
 “You was known again by a mark on  
 “your back, and a small locket of your  
 “grandfather’s hair which was hung  
 “about your neck. Young as you was,  
 “I think you must remember the great  
 “rejoicing there was on your being  
 “brought home.

“Really !” cried I musing, “was  
 “that the case ? A mark on my back,  
 “you say ! and a locket ! Fortunate for  
 “me that I had those to distinguish me.  
 “I sighed, I felt uneasy, and again sunk  
 “into a pensive thoughtfulness.

“A

" A few months after this my mother,  
 " being rather in a declining state of  
 " health, was ordered to the German  
 " Spa. I now truly felt for the de-  
 " parture of my parents, felt an oppres-  
 " sion on my spirits for which even such a  
 " separation could hardly account: and  
 " when I saw the chaise drive off, Oh!  
 " exclaimed I involuntarily, what will  
 " become of me? I have lost my pro-  
 " tectors! and in saying this, I threw  
 " myself on the bosom of Mrs. Stanley,  
 " and wept bitterly. She led me to my  
 " apartment, and kindly soothed my grief;  
 " though in the midst of her consolations  
 " she bade me ever remember that we  
 " were in this imperfect state subject to a  
 " thousand vicissitudes of fortune. Adieu  
 " your-

“yourself then, my dear child, added  
 “she, with christian fortitude, with  
 “that only true philosophy. Be hum-  
 “ble, enjoy the present sunshine, but  
 “forget not: that clouds and tempests  
 “may arise.

“My parents had not been long at the  
 “Spa ere sir William received most un-  
 “expected, and to him joyful news;  
 “which was, that my mother was again  
 “in a fair way of increasng the family,  
 “having discovered that her disorder was  
 “pregnancy, in which she had happily,  
 “advanced some months. He, as usual,  
 “read this letter aloud to my governess  
 “and me. I said, I should be vastly  
 “glad to have a sister or brother. I am  
 “sure,

“ sure, added I, I shall dearly love  
“ the little creature.

“ I wish them to have a son and heir,  
“ cried the old gentleman; but neither  
“ son, nor daughter shall rival you,  
“ my sweet Henrietta, in my fond af-  
“ fections.

“ I wept with gratitude at this kind as-  
“ surance. I could not account for it, but  
“ I was softened into a sort of melancholy  
“ by the intelligence: and yet I was pleas-  
“ ed. Mrs. Stanley was silent on the oc-  
“ casion: and when I followed her up to  
“ receive my morning lessons, she took my  
“ hand, pressed it tenderly between hers,  
“ sighed, looked at me with an air of com-  
“ passion,

“passion, as I have since recollected, and a  
 “tear stole down her cheek; which, how-  
 “ever, she endeavoured to hide from me.

“What is the matter?” cried I  
 “haftily.

“Only, my dear, returned she, that  
 “I fear the little stranger, who is soon  
 “expected to make its appearance, may  
 “weaken the affections of your mother  
 “for my Henrietta; and I could not  
 “bear to see you slighted.

“O but *you* will still continue to love  
 “me, cried I, embracing her, and so  
 “will my grandpapa.

“Hea-



“Heaven grant he may, resumed  
“she—I cannot indeed, doubt it.

“Soon after another foreign packet arrived, which again set the whole family  
“a rejoicing.

“It informed sir William that Mr.  
“Roachdale and his daughter Eliza were  
“on their way to England; and that they  
“would be at Roachdale Abby almost as  
“soon as the letter.

“Preparations were instantly made for  
“their reception; all things were got  
“ready for a grand entertainment; the  
“best apartment was hired for him, and  
“an elegant bed-chamber and dressing-  
“room,

“ room, adjoining to mine, for my new  
 “ cousin, who was about three years older  
 “ than myself. All the neighbouring  
 “ gentry were invited, though the day  
 “ could not be positively fixed ; but the  
 “ very ensuing morning a messenger ar-  
 “ rived post to tell us, that we might  
 “ expect them by dinner. On this my  
 “ governess early summoned me to my  
 “ toilet, where I was unusually ready to  
 “ attend her ; and for what reason I  
 “ know not, except it was a secret desire  
 “ to outshine Miss Roachdale, I was more  
 “ than usually solicitous to adorn my-  
 “ self to the best advantage : not by the  
 “ richness of my dress, but by chusing  
 “ what was most becoming. No expence  
 “ was spared by my indulgent grandfather

“ to furnish my wardrobe with elegance  
“ and variety for this occasion. I selected  
“ a white lustring robe trimmed with  
“ blond and fancy-flowers. My linen  
“ also was fine blond, my shoes black  
“ fatten with diamond buckles. My  
“ hair, dressed high and without powder,  
“ was intermixed with small rose-  
“ buds. My ear-rings a rose of brill-  
“ liants, necklace and bracelets of black  
“ velvet clasped with diamonds, my  
“ neck only shaded by a blond tucker.  
“ I surveyed myself with no small com-  
“ placency in a large mirror. Mrs.  
“ Stanley stood silently by to observe the  
“ workings of my self-love or vanity, with  
“ which, I own, I was at that moment so  
“ wholly engrossed, that I forgot there was  
“ any

“ any spectator, till she awakened my  
 “ attention to her, by saying, with a  
 “ smile, Well, Henrietta, I hope you  
 “ have now sufficiently admired and exa-  
 “ mined that pretty person of thine.  
 “ Then, in a more serious tone, seeing  
 “ me blush at her mild reprimand,  
 “ Ah, beware, my dear girl, continued  
 “ she, how you set a value on so dan-  
 “ gerous, and so transient a gift! You  
 “ may live to wish that you had never  
 “ been possessed of attractions that are  
 “ but too often fatal to our sex. This  
 “ was the beginning of a very sensible  
 “ and a very prudent lecture; which,  
 “ however, at that time, I could not  
 “ help thinking a little tedious, and to  
 “ which I did not give the most pro-

“ found attention ; nor were those same  
 “ wicked attractions much less in favour  
 “ than when she commenced her moral  
 “ sermon.

“ Never did a morning appear so long  
 “ as this. I wished, yet, for what rea-  
 “ son I know not (ah ! know not ! alas it  
 “ was afterwards but too easily account-  
 “ ed for) dreaded to see our guests.

“ I strolled in the garden, took a  
 “ book, tried my harpsichord ; but  
 “ could settle to nothing. At length  
 “ the trampling of horses announced the  
 “ approach of our guest. With girlish  
 “ eagerness I ran towards the house to see  
 “ them alight from their equipage : for

“ I was



" I was in the garden when I first heard  
" them. In my haste I stumbled over a  
" branch of a tree that lay in the court-  
" yard, and fell. My situation was dan-  
" gerous ; for I was close to the gate  
" where the carriages were to enter.  
" Before I could recollect myself, or  
" rather recover from my fright so as  
" to get up, I heard a pleasing voice  
" repeatedly calling, stop, stop, and  
" instantly I was in the arms of a gen-  
" tleman who had leaped from the first  
" chaise to raise me. I had slightly  
" sprained my ankle by the stumble ;  
" and that indeed made me fall ; so that  
" when I attempted to set my foot to the  
" ground, the pain (I was not at that  
" time accustomed to suffering, and tri-

"fies then affected) made me utter a  
 "faint scream, and also obliged me to  
 "rest on the arm of the stranger, who  
 "with most amiable complacency af-  
 "forded me his assistance; begging that  
 "I would do him the honour to use it  
 "for my support till we reached the  
 "house. I raised my eyes for the first  
 "time to his face; and there was a  
 "persuasive something in the air of it,  
 "that rendered it impossible for me to  
 "refuse him. He appeared to be about  
 "four or five and thirty. There was  
 "a pleasing melancholy diffused over  
 "the finest features I ever beheld. His  
 "fine languishing blue eyes had a soft-  
 "ness in them that is not to be described.  
 "While I examined him involuntarily,  
 "scarce

“ scarce knowing what I did, he was  
“ still more attentively gazing at me.

“ Mean time we continued to advance  
“ towards the house; at the door of  
“ which my grandfather made his ap-  
“ pearance, hastening forward to meet  
“ his welcome guests. My conductor  
“ now resigned me to the care of my  
“ governess (who had flown to enquire  
“ how I did, having from her window  
“ seen me fall) and gently pressing my  
“ hand hurried forward, and threw him-  
“ self into the extended arms of sir  
“ William, who had power to say no  
“ more than, My son, my dear son,  
“ how I rejoice to see you!

" I was placed on a settee in the par-  
 " lour : ceremony, in my situation being  
 " out of the question : the rest of the  
 " company continued in the hall to re-  
 " ceive Miss Roachdale and her gover-  
 " nefs. Mean time I fat musing on my  
 " little adventure ; and faying to my-  
 " felf, that Mr. Roachdale was furely  
 " the moft engaging man in the world.  
 " In a few moments the door opened,  
 " and in came fir William, leading a  
 " very lovely girl, who by her age  
 " and likenefs to my uncle, I immedi-  
 " ately concluded must be Eliza : nor  
 " was I deceived. My grandfather  
 " instantly introduced us to each other.  
 " She politely, and with a very obliging  
 " air, paid me her compliments ; which  
 " I re-

" I returned in the best manner I could.  
 " I next had the honour of a salute from  
 " my amiable uncle ; which threw me  
 " into a sort of flutter, and excited an  
 " emotion which I had never before ex-  
 " perienced. I continued silent and  
 " thoughtful all the rest of the day,  
 " which was spent in festivity and joy  
 " by my grandfather and his guests,  
 " who were numerous. We had a very  
 " elegant ball in the evening : many of  
 " the young gentlemen present on this  
 " occasion were, or at least affected to be  
 " my professed admirers, and teased me  
 " with compliments, contending for the  
 " honour, as they called it, of being  
 " my partner. Never before had I ex-  
 " perienced so little relish for their flat-  
 " tery.



" tery. I thought Miss Roachdale to be  
 " envied; because, being a stranger,  
 " and perhaps less to their taste, she was  
 " not molested by their impertinence.  
 " I had a violent inclination not to  
 " dance; and certainly should have re-  
 " fused them all, but that I feared fir-  
 " William would be offended, as he was  
 " particularly fond of seeing me exhibit  
 " in that way. It was indeed an accom-  
 " plishment in which I was said to excel;  
 " and I thought then, though not much  
 " in a humour for the amusement, that  
 " if Mr. Roachdale were to be my part-  
 " ner I could acquit myself with a tole-  
 " rable grace; but I was unhappy at the  
 " bare idea of dancing with any one else.

" While

" While I continued undetermined,  
 " Lady Walton and that charming uncle  
 " opened the ball. I seemed to have  
 " lost every sense but that of sight;  
 " so eagerly did I follow him in  
 " his graceful movements. Surely,  
 " thought I, no one will, after him,  
 " have the confidence to attempt a mi-  
 " nuet. While I thus thought, he  
 " came up to me, and said, Come,  
 " my fair cousin; you, as lady of the  
 " castle, must next honour me with your  
 " hand. A tremor seized me: I could  
 " not answer; nay, had hardly power  
 " to rise from my seat; and, though I  
 " had the moment before been wishing  
 " for that favour, yet now I would

“ have given the world to have been  
 “ excused.

“ He led me out. I recovered a lit-  
 “ tle as we advanced, and received,  
 “ when I returned to my seat, the un-  
 “ merited, I fear, applause of the com-  
 “ pany. But what pleased me most  
 “ was, a polite compliment from Mr.  
 “ Roachdale, whose behaviour to me  
 “ was sweetly engaging and free; only  
 “ I thought he treated me rather too  
 “ much like a child. In age I certainly  
 “ was such; but my education had given  
 “ me, as I before said, a womanly turn,  
 “ and I was fond of being regarded in  
 “ that light. There was nothing of that  
 “ foolish embarrassment, and reserve in  
 “ his

“ his behaviour that there was in mine.  
“ He chatted to me with easy chearful-  
“ nefs, while I blushed to death, every  
“ time I attempted to address him.

“ Miss Roachdale and I soon became  
“ intimate friends, and inseparable com-  
“ panions. That amiable girl had too  
“ good a heart to envy me the distinction  
“ with which I was treated by our grand-  
“ father; and my uncle had not a tinc-  
“ ture of avarice in his whole composi-  
“ tion. There subsisted then the great-  
“ est harmony amongst us. Happy pe-  
“ riod ! by far the happiest of my life.

“ I had about two months after their  
“ arrival, a very advantageous offer of  
“ mar-

“ marriage : but I could not endure the  
 “ thoughts of changing my state. Many  
 “ wise arguments did my prudent go-  
 “ verners urge to persuade me. Indeed  
 “ I was surprised to see her so earnest  
 “ in the affair, and gently reproached  
 “ her for wishing to render me unhap-  
 “ py ; as I must be, I said, if I were  
 “ to be united so very contrary to my  
 “ inclinations.

“ I have done, cried she with a sigh ;  
 “ but I wish, I wish, my dear Henrietta  
 “ may not live to repent her having re-  
 “ fused so worthy a man, and so advan-  
 “ tageous a settlement as that which sir  
 “ James Douglas offers to her accept-  
 “ ance. O, far from me, interrupt-  
 “ ed



“ ed I, a little disdainfully, be all such  
 “ mean, such selfish views. What do  
 “ I want with settlements? am I not,  
 “ shall I not be sufficiently rich? you  
 “ know my grandfather intends me a  
 “ noble fortune, besides what I shall re-  
 “ ceive from my parents.

“ You see fir William does not press  
 “ me to the match, nor does Mr. Roach-  
 “ dale; then, pray, my dear Stanley,  
 “ do not be less indulgent. I hate fir  
 “ James, he is such an ugly, frightful,  
 “ formal mortal, that I tell you I can’t  
 “ endure him. I had said the same, and  
 “ almost in the same words, to my  
 “ grandfather; who, instead of chiding,  
 “ only laughed at my girlish vivacity,  
 “ and,

“and, with a kind salute, told me, I  
 “should do just as I pleased. In conse-  
 “quence of which sir Jame Douglas re-  
 “ceived his dismissal; and I thought  
 “myself fortunate in getting rid of  
 “him.

“We spent our time in a manner  
 “that to me appeared quite enchanting :  
 “often did I say to myself, What a  
 “change has Mr. Roachdale’s presence  
 “produced ! How does he enliven every  
 “rural scene, and give spirit and gaiety  
 “to our amusements ! Now I live ; be-  
 “fore his arrival I merely vegetated.

“Two hours every morning I passed  
 “with him in the library, he having  
 “kindly

“ kindly undertaken to perfect me in  
 “ Italian. In music too, of which we  
 “ were both passionately fond, he fre-  
 “ quently favoured me with a lesson.  
 “ He liked to hear me sing. Miss  
 “ Roachdale had also a good voice; but  
 “ mine, he said, was uncommonly me-  
 “ lodious. Sir William was exceeding-  
 “ ly pleased with our little concerts;  
 “ and often has he, in the midst of a  
 “ song, snatched me on his knee, and  
 “ stopped my voice with his kisses.  
 “ Those familiarities were perfectly in-  
 “ nocent from a parent of his age to  
 “ such a child as me: at least I had  
 “ never viewed them in any other light.

“ In

“ In this chearful manner did time  
 “ wing its flight : but, alas ! a dreadful  
 “ change was soon to take place.

“ A messenger arrived exprefs from  
 “ my parents with letters to fir William,  
 “ and alfo to my governefs. My cousin  
 “ and I were juft going to take our  
 “ morning ramble when they were deli-  
 “ vered ; and as my uncle and grand-  
 “ father had rode out, I could not re-  
 “ ceive any intelligence till their return,  
 “ Mrs. Stanley’s being inclofed in the  
 “ other : I therefore only asked the man  
 “ after the health of my father and mo-  
 “ ther. His answer was, that the let-  
 “ ters would inform me ; and then we  
 “ proceeded in our walk.

“ We

“ We stayed out near two hours, so  
 “ that on our return I took a hasty leave  
 “ of Eliza, having hardly time to dress  
 “ before dinner : when, tripping up to  
 “ my apartment, gaily humming an  
 “ Italian air, I soon changed my note  
 “ on seeing Mrs. Stanley in an armed-  
 “ chair, pale, melancholy, and her eyes  
 “ swelled with weeping.

“ Ah, cried I, what fatal news have  
 “ you heard ? How is my mother ?  
 “ Alas, have I still that loved parent ?

“ Yes, interrupted she sighing, and  
 “ a brother also.

“ And



“And do you weep for that? ex-  
 claimed I hastily; is joy then the  
 cause of your tears?”

“She shook her head.

“No, no, Henrietta; this bosom at  
 present has no room for joy. Your  
 mother is dangerously ill. Fatal, fa-  
 tal to you will be that illness.

“Fatal, indeed, repeated I, throw-  
 ing myself into a chair: for what loss  
 can equal that of a mother? Does my  
 poor grandfather know it?”

“He has just left me, returned she,  
 and desired that I would, as soon as  
 you

“you returned from your walk, send  
“you to his closet, where he waits for  
“you, having something of importance  
“to communicate.

“Then, then, cried I bursting into  
“tears, my dear mother is dead!

“Mrs. Stanley embraced me.

“I will not attempt to sooth you with  
“false hopes, my dear child, said she;  
“expect the worst, for you are going to  
“hear that which will deeply affect you,  
“so arm yourself with fortitude. We  
“shall not be affected above what we  
“are able to bear. Go, continued she,

“sir

“sir William will be impatient, he has  
 “saved me a painful task.

“With trembling steps I made what  
 “haste I could to obey his summons.  
 “He kindly advanced as soon as I open-  
 “ed the door, and, pressing my hand  
 “between his, led me to a couch on  
 “which he seated himself by me. I  
 “had not power to speak for some mo-  
 “ments, during which time he sat ar-  
 “dently gazing on my face, and once  
 “or twice raised my hand to his lips.  
 “At last, Why is my lovely Henrietta  
 “so dejected? said he; is there any thing  
 “within the extent of my fortune which  
 “I would not do for her? Dry your  
 “charming eyes, my dear girl, con-  
 “tinued

“tinued he, drawing me towards him,  
“I will by my tenderness and fond in-  
“dulgence endeavour to supply to you  
“every loss.

“Ah, sir, cried I, weeping afresh, the  
“loss of a parent, what can make me  
“amends for that?

“A parent! my child, returned he:  
“if you mean my daughter, there are  
“still hopes of her recovery; but she  
“has deceived us both: and however  
“nature may plead for her in my bosom,  
“of you Henrietta, she deserves but lit-  
“tle esteem. Be not alarmed, continued  
“he, seeing me turn pale, I am still, I  
“will be more than a parent to you,  
“and

"and I pardon her for having passed  
 "you on me as her child, because it has  
 "procured me the greatest felicity I  
 "ever experienced, the enjoyment of  
 "your company. You are, you shall  
 "continue to be my daughter, the  
 "the daughter of my choice.

"Good heaven! cried I, clasping my  
 "hands, am I not your child? Is not  
 "your daughter my mother? What am  
 "I then? added I trembling.

"All that is amiable and lovely, re-  
 "turned he, pressing my clasped hands  
 "between his. Mrs. Cecil in her letter  
 "here informs me, that being, as she  
 "believes (in spite of all the flattering  
 symp-



“ symptoms her physicians pretend to  
 “ discover, most dangerously ill, she can  
 “ no longer conceal from me a secret  
 “ which lies heavy on her conscience :  
 “ a secret, the concealment of which,  
 “ may be of prejudice to her child and  
 “ that of my son.

“ While sir William was relating this  
 “ dreadful tale I threw my handkerchief  
 “ over my face, and reclined my head on  
 “ the arm of the couch, checking my  
 “ rising sobs, and listening with sad at-  
 “ tention, deeply humbled by his pre-  
 “ face, and easily guessing by that what  
 “ was to follow.

“ She says, continued he, that having  
 “ in vain attempted to obtain my pardon  
 “ for her marrying contrary to my in-  
 “ clinations, she had, as a last resource,  
 “ availed herself of a little incident  
 “ which happened to Mr. Cecil. That  
 “ incident, my dear Henrietta may per-  
 “ haps, young as she was, remember too  
 “ well.

“ Too well indeed, cried I; my tears  
 “ at the recollection gushing forth with  
 “ redoubled violence. O, my G—d! is  
 “ it possible then that the tall brown  
 “ woman, whom I have taught myself  
 “ to hate, should have been my mo-  
 “ ther? How, alas! shall I teach my-  
 “ self

“ self to love her; how humble my  
“ haughty heart to my humble birth? ”

“ Sobs here choaked the passage of  
“ my voice. ”

“ Be comforted, my charming Hen-  
“ rietta, said Sir William tenderly :  
“ Beauty like yours enobles. Besides,  
“ have I not promised to be a father  
“ to you? Only be grateful, look up-  
“ on me as your best friend. Confide  
“ wholly in me, and you shall find my  
“ fondness rather increased than abated  
“ by this discovery. My will shall con-  
“ tinue in your favour, and the world  
“ shall still believe that you are my  
“ granddaughter. I have wrote to Mrs.

"Cecil, and told her that I would par-  
 "don her on no other condition but her  
 "continuing to preserve the important se-  
 "cret from all the world but those who  
 "are already entrusted with it. Those,  
 "it seems, are only herself, her husband,  
 "your governess, an old domestick, and  
 "him, added he clasping me in his  
 "arms, to whom the discovery has  
 "doubly endeared you. By the rest of  
 "their servants you was believed to  
 "have been stolen from nurse; and as  
 "they for some years after their mar-  
 "riage had resided in a part of the  
 "country where they were, till their ar-  
 "rival, unknown, the story passed cur-  
 "rent. Both my son and I were abroad:  
 "all our family were offended at her  
 "mar-

“ marriage, so that she was entirely cut  
 “ off from all communication amongst  
 “ us.

“ To this part of his discourse I paid  
 “ little attention: I was in a manner  
 “ stupified with grief. A confused mix-  
 “ ture of thoughts passed through my  
 “ mind; all was melancholy and de-  
 “ spondency without one hope of com-  
 “ fort, till at last, Mr. Roachdale is not  
 “ my uncle then, darted like a ray of  
 “ light across the gloom, and for one  
 “ moment I was tempted to exclaim  
 “ with Candid, *All's for the best*; but  
 “ the next moment with a deep sigh my  
 “ heart returned, What then, foolish  
 “ girl? Once you believed him to be



" your uncle, better any relation than  
 " none at all ; for now, alas ! he is no-  
 " thing to you. No ?—ah, on the con-  
 " trary, he is all the world to me.

" While I thus mused, fir William  
 " ceased speaking, and sat with his eyes  
 " fixed on my downcast face. I was  
 " so humbled, so deeply mortified, that  
 " I was ashamed to look up ; but by a  
 " side-glance I saw that he gazed at me  
 " with fixed attention. A short silence  
 " ensued ; at last he resumed, Henri-  
 " etta, be attentive to my instructions,  
 " and you will soon forget this at present  
 " disagreeable event : resume your wont-  
 " ed ease and vivacity. Be careful not  
 " to drop a hint of the conversation that  
 " has

“ has passed between us. I have made  
 “ it the interest both of Cecil and my  
 “ daughter to conceal it. From their  
 “ old domestic we have nothing to fear:  
 “ he is of tried fidelity, and I am think-  
 “ ing that it will be proper, faithful as  
 “ she has hitherto been to her trust, to  
 “ dismiss your governess, after a proper  
 “ reward for her services.

“ O, sir, dear sir, interrupted I, ra-  
 “ ther let all the world know that I am  
 “ a low-born foundling; rather let me  
 “ suffer all the mortification that know-  
 “ ledge will subject me to, than be the  
 “ cause of her dismissal. Who, added  
 “ I weeping, will, if I lose her now,  
 “ supply to me the loss of parents?

“Ungrateful girl! interrupted sir  
 “William, in rather an angry voice,  
 “have you then forgot my promises;  
 “or am I no longer worthy to be re-  
 “garded in that light? Go, we will not  
 “precipitately dismiss the worthy wo-  
 “man; not, however, till we find ano-  
 “ther fit to supply her place: mean time  
 “be chearful, or at least conceal the  
 “cause of your dejection: my daugh-  
 “ter’s illness will account for it. He-  
 “sitate not to call her still your mo-  
 “ther, as you value my favour, as you  
 “prize your own happiness. Dare not  
 “to reveal the secret to my son; to no  
 “one, indeed, but particularly to him.  
 “I have my reasons.

“ This

"This injunction excited my involuntary blushes. *He had his reasons.*  
"Those few words made on me a deep  
"impression, though at the time I could  
"not account for it."

"Sir William rose, and opening a  
"drawer in a small cabinet, took out  
"a beautiful necklace and ear-rings of  
"brilliant."

"There's a present for you my Henrietta, said he, you become diamonds.  
"But what, added he, tapping my  
"cheek, do you not become, lovely  
"girl that you are? Wear them this  
"evening. We must, as the company  
"are invited, have our intended concert,

"in spite of my daughter's illness.

"Music is not unsuitable on the occa-

"sion, for soft music ever makes me

"sad. But, continued he taking my

"hand, and fondly gazing on me, you

"have not thanked me for my present :

"I expect more than thanks. Come,

"kiss me, as you used to do.

"Ah, sir, cried I sighing, I must

"no longer presume to take such free-

"doms. Your unmerited kindness can-

"not make me forget what I now am.

"Let this be the last provoking

"speech I ever hear you make of the

"kind, interrupted he hastily. For

"once I will forgive you, though I

"never



“ never in my life felt half so much inclination to be angry. Go, continued he, drawing me towards him and pressing me to his breast, go, and by your obedience, testify your gratitude. Make haste to your apartment, you will hardly have time to dress before dinner. Put on your best looks and best cloaths. I like to see you fine.

“ So saying he retired to his closet; and I, with slow and pensive steps, returned to my room.

“ Mrs. Stanley sat impatiently expecting me. She ran to meet me on my entrance.

" Well, my dear Henrietta, how are  
 " you? cried she. I hope you will not,  
 " by want of fortitude, disgrace the  
 " education, the principles I have en-  
 " deavoured to instill into you.

" O, my only friend, returned I with  
 " a deep sigh, I am compelled to bear,  
 " would to Heaven I were not also com-  
 " pelled to feel, deeply to feel my dis-  
 " grace; to know myself a low-born, a  
 " dependant foundling! Talk not of  
 " education, added I bursting into tears,  
 " and throwing my arms round her  
 " neck, that I might hide my face in  
 " her bosom: What effect can that  
 " have on one sprung from such a  
 " wretched race: perhaps the most in-  
 famous?

“ famous? ’Tis too much, too much,  
 “ continued I, checking myself; the  
 “ thought drives me to distraction. That  
 “ woman, that hard-hearted, unnatural  
 “ woman to be my mother! Pardon me,  
 “ good Heaven! but, ah, I cannot,  
 “ cannot respect her.

“ In saying this I was almost suffo-  
 “ cated with my sighs, and fobs.

“ Dear girl, cried Mrs. Stanley, how  
 “ you afflict yourself, and in a great  
 “ measure without cause too! What,  
 “ but education, makes the difference  
 “ between man and man? The defer-  
 “ ence that is paid to high birth is  
 “ amongst our most ridiculous preju-  
 “ dices.

" dices. Remember what your favourite

" Poet says :

" What can ennoble fots, or slaves, or cowards ?

" Alas ! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.

" And do we not see many such

" amongst our men of quality ; aye, and

" worse than such ? Whereas, in the

" disposition of my Henrietta, there is

" nothing that would disparage the most

" exalted station. And after all, why

" should you so positively conclude

" yourself to be the daughter of that

" gipsy ? The locket which hung round

" your neck, part of your cloaths,

" though old, and dirty, are strong

" witnesses to prove you born to better

" prospects, and confirm me in the opi-

" nion

"nion that you must have been stolen,  
"though not from Mrs. Cecil.

"Pride made me eagerly catch at this -  
"twig of hope. I besought Mrs. Stan-  
"ley to shew me the things. I exa-  
"mined the locket with fixed attention.  
"Some hair, exactly the colour of my  
"own, was enclosed in crystal, and the  
"whole set round with diamonds. This  
"trinket at first filled me with pleasing  
"sensations; but at last, tossing it from  
"me with a dejected air, Alas! cried  
"I, it was much easier to steal a toy like  
"this than a child: that is more likely  
"to be the case than the other. Yet, ad-  
"ded I, after a pause, fain, fain would  
"I regain some share of self-confidence  
"and



"and esteem, fain would I believe my-  
 "self born at least of decent parents,  
 "that I may have some incitement to  
 "act worthy of my sex and education:  
 "but all laudable emulation deserts me  
 "when I fancy myself the daughter  
 "of that—O, my dear Mrs. Stanley,  
 "can a corrupt tree bring forth good  
 "fruit?

"Talk no more on this disagreeable  
 "subject, interrupted my governess;  
 "remember the instructions received  
 "from sir William; remember, also,  
 "how much it is now your interest to  
 "oblige him. See, added she, casting  
 "her eyes towards the window, your  
 "cousin

"cousin is already dressed: she beckons  
"for you to join her.

"Ah, my dear friend, returned I,  
"talk not of dress; let me, for this day  
"at least, unmolestedly indulge my just  
"grief. Excuse me to sir William, to  
"Mr. Roachdale and his daughter. I  
"am no longer, continued I, throwing  
"myself on a couch and bursting into  
"tears, fit company for them.

"Mrs. Stanley endeavoured, but in  
"vain, to make me change my purpose.  
"I tossed my handkerchief over my face  
"and continued silent to all she could  
"say, except when she asked what apo-  
"logy

“logy she was to make for my ab-  
“fence.

“Say I am ill, cried I; that I have  
“a violent headach. Let every one  
“as they think proper account for the  
“cause. I tell you nothing but truth.  
“in regard to the effect, for that I am ill.  
“is most certain.

“A servant entering just then to in-  
“form us that dinner waited, was told  
“to deliver the above message; on  
“which up flew Miss Roachdale with  
“kind anxiety. I hastily begged of  
“Mrs. Stanley to tell her that talking  
“would increase my disorder. Sweetly  
“affectionate were the dear girl’s en-  
“quiries,

“ quires, and I made in few words a  
 “ suitable return to her friendship. My  
 “ obliging governess, perceiving that I  
 “ was uneasy at her presence, proposed  
 “ my retiring into my bed-chamber and  
 “ trying to sleep, as a most efficacious  
 “ remedy for my complaint. Miss  
 “ Roachdale was with difficulty pre-  
 “ vailed on to rejoin the company below,  
 “ while I was placed on my bed, and  
 “ the room darkened : nor was this an  
 “ unnecessary precaution ; for in less  
 “ than two hours I was in a high fever,  
 “ and even a little delirious. Mrs.  
 “ Stanley no sooner perceived this than  
 “ she hastened to inform Sir William.  
 “ In a moment both he and his son were  
 “ at my bed-side.

I had,

" I had, before their entrance, talked  
 " rather incoherently; and as soon as I  
 " beheld Mr. Roachdale, I exclaimed,  
 " as my governess afterwards told me,  
 " No, 'tis certain that you are no longer  
 " my uncle, yet still there are a thousand  
 " obstacles.

" This speech it seems made him co-  
 " lour a little, and sir William cast at  
 " him a penetrating glance, mixed with  
 " a degree of resentment; then, turning  
 " to Mrs. Stanley, She is dreadfully ill,  
 " indeed, said he. One may judge of  
 " the violence of her fever by the dis-  
 " order of her senses. In saying this he  
 " leaned forward, in order to feel my  
 " pulse. But pushing him away with  
 " both



“both my hands, I cried; Keep away,  
 “you interrupt my lessons. I have  
 “quite forgot my Italian. Come, sir,  
 “looking at Mr. Roachdale, I am all  
 “attention. Pray favour me once more  
 “with those two lines. Never, sure,  
 “was any thing so softly sweet.

“Sir William took his son by the  
 “arm.

“Let us go, said he, our presence  
 “adds to her distemper. Let her be  
 “kept extremely quiet, turning to Mrs.  
 “Stanley; let no one enter her apart-  
 “ment but the physicians and yourself.

“As

" As Mr. Roachdale withdrew, I  
 " stretched forth my hands, as if to de-  
 " tain him ; but when he was gone they  
 " dropped upon the bed-cloaths, and  
 " tears started into my eyes ; tears, that  
 " by flowing freely, greatly relieved me,  
 " and almost perfectly restored me to  
 " my reason. It was then that Mrs.  
 " Stanley informed me, on my inquiry,  
 " of what had passed. I was thrown  
 " into great confusion by her recital, and  
 " ardently prayed that I might not again,  
 " in my critical situation, be deprived of  
 " my senses.

" On the third day of my illness (du-  
 " ring which time Mr. Roachdale had  
 " every hour sent messengers to my  
 " apart-

“apartment) the physicians pronounced  
 “my distemper to be the small-pox; a  
 “discovery which was as long as possi-  
 “ble concealed from me; that is to say,  
 “till I was out of danger. When one  
 “day drawing back the curtains, after  
 “a long and refreshing sleep, I said in  
 “a chearful accent, My dear Mrs. Stan-  
 “ley where are you? come, and con-  
 “gratulate me: I am quite well: So  
 “well as to be hungry. Do order me  
 “something to eat. No one answered.  
 “I sat up to look for my valuable at-  
 “tendant; and, in casting my eyes  
 “round for her, saw on my toilet some  
 “bread and jelly. Finding a desire to  
 “eat of it, I stepped out of bed. The  
 “looking-glass was the first thing that  
 “met

144 THE MORNING RAMELE.

“ met my eyes ; and when I saw myself  
“ in it, it is impossible to express my  
“ horror and surprise. Though in re-  
“ ality my face was not in the least  
“ injured, as I afterwards found, by the  
“ loathsome distemper ; yet, having not  
“ the smallest idea that I was infected  
“ with it, no wonder I was shocked at  
“ the alteration it had made in me. On  
“ my screaming, for I had not only  
“ screamed but dropped the poor unfor-  
“ tunate mirror from my hand, the  
“ door opened, and in came a genteel,  
“ middle-aged woman, followed by Sir  
“ William. On the appearance of the  
“ latter, I hurried into bed again.

“ The

“The dear girl ought not to be left alone,” said he to his companion.

“I thought Miss was asleep, returned the other, and indeed only left the room the instant you met me.

“Be more cautious for the future,” resumed he. Then coming up to my bed-side, and taking my hand, But “how is my Henrietta, continued he; “have you been peeping at that sweet face in the glass?

“Sweet! interrupted I: Ah, Sir, do not mock me.

“He burst out a laughing.

VOL. I.

H

“My



" My poor child, cried he, and  
 " so you was afraid that you had lost  
 " your beauty? Well might you scream.  
 " But be comforted, a very few days  
 " will convince you of your mistake.  
 " You have been most favourably dealt  
 " with. The doctors even assure me,  
 " that, when the redness and scurf is  
 " worn off, you will be more blooming  
 " and handsome than ever. Did they  
 " not, Mrs. Bladon? addressing himself  
 " to the woman.

" To be sure they did, Sir, an-  
 " swered she, and they spoke the truth.  
 " If Miss will give me leave to reach  
 " her a glass she will be of their opi-  
 " nion;

“ nion ; for there are not twenty red  
 “ spots on her whole face, nor are her  
 “ features in the least swelled,

“ ’Tis an affair of very little conse-  
 “ quence, cried I, though inwardly  
 “ pleased at what they told me ; for it is  
 “ not in the nature of woman to be in-  
 “ different in regard to what, on the con-  
 “ trary, she too generally deems essential  
 “ to her happiness.

“ The apprehension of having lost my  
 “ charms made me for some time lose  
 “ my newly-recovered appetite ; but when  
 “ those fears were removed, I again felt  
 “ an inclination to eat ; of which I had  
 “ no sooner given a hint, than Sir Wil-

"liam ran to the bell, put his domestics  
 "in motion, and in a few minutes my  
 "table was covered with dainties. He  
 "would help me himself, and, as I sat  
 "up in my bed, kindly supported me  
 "with his arm. At the conclusion of  
 "my repast he made me drink a glass of  
 "wine, and as I had for some weeks be-  
 "fore been kept exceedingly low, it had  
 "a great effect on my spirits. Sir Wil-  
 "liam was in raptures at my lively sallies,  
 "for it put me into a prating humour.  
 "At last, however, I recollected my friend  
 "Mrs. Stanley, and eagerly inquired  
 "where she was.  
 "Poor woman! said he, you re-  
 "call to my mind, by your question, a  
 "most

“ most affecting scene. During your  
 “ illness she received a letter from my  
 “ daughter, who is recovered from her  
 “ late indisposition, pressing her earnestly  
 “ to come to her at the Spa, in order  
 “ to take the charge of her infant son:  
 “ nay, not only pressing her, but in a  
 “ manner compelling her to accept of  
 “ her offer, or else threatening her with  
 “ the loss of her friendship. She pro-  
 “ poses it seems to reside for some time  
 “ in the South of France, as that cli-  
 “ mate agrees with her. Your worthy  
 “ governess then, continued Sir Wil-  
 “ liam, has left you, my dear girl, to  
 “ the care of Mrs. Bladon, whom, by  
 “ her recommendation, I have taken to  
 “ supply her place.

"O heaven! cried I, wiping off my  
 "tears, what is friendship? In whom  
 "shall I venture to confide, since Mrs.  
 "Stanley, whom I have ever regarded  
 "as a mother, could have the cruelty  
 "to desert me, at a time too when my  
 "life was in such danger?

"Do not condemn her, charming  
 "Henrietta, resumed Sir William:  
 "my daughter urged some reasons in  
 "her letter which it was impossible for  
 "her to withstand: but had you been  
 "witness to her excessive grief, on the  
 "day of her departure, I am sure you  
 "would forgive her.

"And



“ And has Miss Roachdale too, said  
“ I, faltering while I pronounced the  
“ beloved name, followed her example ?

“ She has, my dear girl, from a dif-  
“ ferent cause, been also obliged to leave  
“ Roachdale Abbey. Your cousin never  
“ had the distemper which you have so  
“ happily got the better of; and you  
“ may easily conceive with what preci-  
“ pitation a fine girl would fly from so  
“ dangerous an enemy to your charming  
“ sex. My son accompanied his daugh-  
“ ter. By a letter I received from him  
“ last night I have the pleasure to find  
“ that they safely arrived at Myrtle Hall,  
“ a seat which he has about ten or twelve

H 4

“ miles

“ miles from hence, and that Eliza continues in perfect health.

“ The news of *their* departure affected me still more than the loss of Mrs. Stanley. Though my reason told me I had far less cause to regret the latter than the former; and too soon, alas! did experience convince me of it.

“ The last part of our conversation entirely changed my humour: my gaiety gave place to dejection. I looked at my new governess, and fancied I saw something forbidding in her countenance: at such a time, indeed, it was not likely that she should please.

“ I

" I complained of being faint and fatigued. Sir William blamed himself for having suffered me to talk so much.

" Change of air, and moderate exercise, when my charming girl is a little stronger, said he, will, I hope, in a short time perfectly restore her. In saying this he kissed my cheek, and, strictly charging Mrs. Bladon to take care that I wanted, for nothing, took his leave.

" Mr. Roachdale's absence retarded my recovery. I lost my appetite, and sunk into the lowest dejection in spite of all the pains Sir William took to

"amuse me. There is no describing  
 "his excessive assiduity, and fond atten-  
 "tion. Nor was Mrs. Bladon less soli-  
 "citous to acquire my confidence and  
 "good opinion; but I found it impos-  
 "sible to regard her in the light I had  
 "done my worthy Stanley: I therefore  
 "only treated her with cool civility,  
 "of which she took no notice, but  
 "seemed perfectly satisfied with every  
 "thing I said or did.

"The physicians ordered me to take  
 "a short ride on horseback every morn-  
 "ing, an exercise, when accompanied  
 "by Mr. Roachdale, I used to be ex-  
 "ceedingly fond of.

"On

" On the day fixed for a little excursion of that kind, a most elegant suit of new riding-cloaths presented themselves in my dressing-room. They were made of lalock lustring. A white hat and feather, with a diamond button, a sash of white and silver, compleated the present. But sir William did not stop here; for at the gate a servant waited with a beautiful little pad, covered with a white and silver net. This was certainly taking the most likely method to please a girl of my age; and 'tis equally certain that I made all the return in my power to his goodness. Had he been what I was long happily taught to believe, I could not have felt more affection for



"him, and it never entered my head  
 "that he wished himself for any other  
 "sort of attachment; though nothing  
 "but my youth and ignorance in affairs  
 "of that nature could have prevented  
 "my suspecting his excessive generosity  
 "to be self-interested, and his no less  
 "excessive fondness to be of a different  
 "kind from that which parents experi-  
 "ence for their children.

"Riding agreed so well with me  
 "that, by degrees, I recovered my  
 "bloom. The roughness wore off my  
 "face, and I began once more to view  
 "it with self-satisfaction. My new go-  
 "verness was lavish of her praises on  
 "the occasion. She begged my par-  
 "don,

“don, it was not in her nature to flat-  
 “ter, but she found it absolutely im-  
 “possible to restrain her admiration when  
 “she looked at me, my countenance  
 “had something in it so bewitching.

“By attacking me thus on my weak  
 “side, she insensibly stole into my fa-  
 “vour. Mrs. Stanley had always taken  
 “pains to check my vanity; Bladon,  
 “on the contrary, was constantly ad-  
 “ding fuel to it. In the time of my  
 “first worthy governess I durst hardly  
 “believe my looking-glass when it spoke  
 “in my favour: indeed I was sure of a  
 “lecture if I spent more time at it than  
 “was absolutely necessary. But now  
 “the scene was changed; the trying on  
 “a variety

“ a variety of new ornaments, with  
 “ which, by fir William’s generosity my  
 “ toilet was every day supplied, took  
 “ up almost my whole morning, ex-  
 “ cept what I spent in airing. Often  
 “ would he steal in upon me while thus  
 “ employed.

“ One day, in particular, Mrs. Bladon  
 “ officiously dismissed my maid, insisting  
 “ on having the pleasure of dressing me  
 “ herself. After having unpinned my  
 “ hair, she made a pretence to slip into  
 “ the next room, as she said, to give  
 “ some orders to the housekeeper, which  
 “ till that moment had escaped her me-  
 “ mory; leaving me with my ringlets  
 “ flowing over my shoulders without a  
 “ hand-

“ handkerchief, and in my slippers, and  
 “ under-petticoat. The former were of  
 “ silver tissue, the latter a fine sprigged  
 “ muslin flounced with a deep point.

“ In this light dishabille I was sitting  
 “ admiring myself before my glass,  
 “ when some one softly opened my  
 “ room-door, and as softly whispered,  
 “ May I come in? I turned, and beheld  
 “ sir William, on which I hastily snatch-  
 “ ed up a blond shade, too thin a co-  
 “ vering, but it was the first thing I  
 “ met with in my hurry. The old gen-  
 “ tleman stood some moments silently  
 “ gazing on me, then burst into a seem-  
 “ ingly involuntary exclamation, of,  
 “ How

“How exquisitely lovely! I blushed and  
“drew the cloak closer about me.

“You do well, charming Henrietta,  
“in compassion thus to hide some of  
“your beauties, said he; yet still e-  
“nough remain exposed to captivate  
“half our sex.

“Dear sir, cried I, this is strange  
“language from you, whom I have  
“been permitted the honour to regard  
“as a parent.

“And is it not natural, returned he  
“smiling, and pressing my hand, for a  
“parent to love his child?

“He



“He fixed his eyes eagerly on my  
 “face while he spoke. I blushed, felt  
 “uneasy, and strove to free my hand  
 “from his. I began for the first time  
 “to think that his fondness made him  
 “appear disagreeable and disgusting.”

“He sat down on a couch and pulled  
 “me on his knee, breathed short, and  
 “faltered in his speech. I struggled,  
 “and cried in a peevish accent, Pray  
 “sir, let me go, I am no longer a child;  
 “and as I have not, added I sighing,  
 “the honour to be related to you, I  
 “fear I act imprudently in permitting  
 “such liberties.”

“My

“ My God ! interrupted he, quitting  
“ his hold, who has taught you those  
“ prudish notions ? I shall be very an-  
“ gry at Bladon, if, by way of render-  
“ ing you prudent, she should teach  
“ you to be suspicious. I am afraid,  
“ continued he, letting go my hand,  
“ and assuming a cool air, your heart  
“ is not susceptible of gratitude. ’Tis  
“ too unimpassioned, too insensible. Af-  
“ ter living with me from childhood,  
“ you ought to know my character  
“ better than to think I would take im-  
“ proper liberties. Recollect yourself,  
“ added he, rising with an air of  
“ dignity, which again recalled all my  
“ respect.

“ O

“ O fir! dear fir! exclaimed I, do not  
“ leave me in displeasure.

“ I took his hand, and raised my  
“ weeping eyes with a suppliant look.  
“ In that moment the wretchedness to  
“ which I should be reduced, were he to  
“ abandon me, rushed upon my mind,  
“ and made me anxiously solicitous to  
“ regain his favour.

“ Those looks of yours, Henrietta,  
“ said he, again seating me by him on  
“ the couch, are not to be resisted.  
“ Come, let us kiss and be friends. I  
“ offered to his salute my blushing  
“ cheek, saying with a sigh, Alas! fir,  
“ you are my only friend.

“ And

“And what with has my lovely girl,  
 “cried he, pressing me to his bosom,  
 “which my friendship is not able to  
 “gratify? Why do you sigh? Say, an-  
 “swer me, continued he, fixing his eyes  
 “on my face, have you a wish un-  
 “gratified?

“No, certainly, returned I falter-  
 “ing, I should be most unreasonable  
 “if I had. To be sure I am extreme-  
 “ly happy.

“And yet, interrupted he, grasping  
 “my hand, that happiness will, ere long,  
 “I hope, be still more exquisite.

“I

" I liked neither his looks nor his  
 " manner at that moment, therefore  
 " rose, saying I should catch cold, and  
 " begged that he would permit me to  
 " finish my dress. After insisting on an-  
 " other kiss, he reluctantly complied.

" Almost the moment he disappeared,  
 " Bladon entered. She made many apo-  
 " logies for having left me so long, but  
 " blamed the prating housekeeper. I  
 " paid little attention to what she said;  
 " but the more I reflected on sir Wil-  
 " liam's behaviour the less I was pleased  
 " with it. I began to fear that my situa-  
 " tion would soon change, and all my  
 " happiness be at an end; nay it did  
 " not appear safe for me to continue  
 " any



“ any longer under the same roof with  
 “ a man who seemed inclined to take  
 “ such cruel advantages of my confi-  
 “ dence and gratitude. But, alas !  
 “ where could I fly to, a poor destitute  
 “ orphan as I was, without a friend or  
 “ relation in the world ? Miss Roach-  
 “ dale, indeed, had made warm pro-  
 “ fessions of regard ; but then they ap-  
 “ peared mere professions only, since I  
 “ had never received a line from her  
 “ since her departure. Nevertheless,  
 “ knowing the amiable benevolence of  
 “ her disposition, and the still more be-  
 “ nevolent heart of her charming fa-  
 “ ther, I should certainly have been  
 “ tempted to apply to them for protec-  
 “ tion, at least as a present resource.

“ But

“ But how could I expect to be re-  
“ ceived? How ungenerous to think  
“ of carrying a distemper into their fa-  
“ mily which is often attended by such  
“ fatal effects! Then sir William’s esta-  
“ blished character for honour and  
“ morality might render them backward  
“ to believe my story.

“ Such thoughts as these perplexed  
“ and rendered me melancholy all the  
“ rest of the day, nor could I close my  
“ eyes the whole night; but about six  
“ in the morning I fell into a slumber,  
“ from which I was soon after awakened  
“ by Mrs. Bladon.

“ Get

"Get up, my dear Miss, cried she,  
 "the morning is divinely pleasant. Sir  
 "William proposes, as an agreeable  
 "jaunt, to spend the day at Park-Hill,  
 "about twelve miles from hence, where  
 "he expects to meet his son.

"I was endeavouring, during the  
 "former part of her speech, to form an  
 "excuse for not accompanying him,  
 "but the latter part instantly put all  
 "such thoughts to flight, and I actually  
 "had involuntarily, and almost without  
 "knowing it, put on part of my  
 "cloaths: my maid soon dispatched the  
 "rest of my dress.

"I had

“ I had before been at Park-Hill, a  
“ hunting seat belonging to sir William,  
“ and knew it was in the neighbourhood  
“ of Myrtle-Hall. Judge then with what  
“ alacrity I prepared for our little  
“ journey. Sir William paid me a thou-  
“ sand compliments on my looks, when  
“ I joined him in the breakfast-parlour.  
“ I believe indeed the joyful hope of  
“ seeing the too-amiable Roachdale  
“ might give life, and animation to my  
“ features.

“ We set off as soon as we had fi-  
“ nished our repast; that is to say, sir  
“ William, my governess, and I.

“How the recollection of that day  
“affects me ! To how many events did  
“it give birth !

“I expected to have reached Park-  
“Hill by dinner-time, having no doubt  
“but we were really on our way there.

“I took little notice of the road,  
“till, in passing through a small town,  
“the coach suddenly stopped, and one  
“of the servants alighting hurried to the  
“driver, and told him that one of the  
“wheels was coming off.

“O Heaven, cried I we shall be over-  
“turned ! Pray let me get out.

“Sir



THE MORNING RAMBLE. 171

“ Sir William lifted me in his arms,  
“ and conducted me into the first inn  
“ that presented itself, to wait till the  
“ coach was repaired. That, as they  
“ managed it, proved to be a work of  
“ time.

“ We cannot now reach Park-hill  
“ till the evening, said sir William; so  
“ likewise said the coachman.

“ This to me was a severe disappoint-  
“ ment. I ate little, and spoke still less.  
“ Sir William seemed much agitated:  
“ Sometimes all gaiety, at others lost in  
“ thought, yet appeared as impatient as  
“ myself to renew our journey. About  
“ eight our wishes were gratified, for

“ we were then told that the carriage  
 “ waited. I tripped down stairs, de-  
 “ lighted at the summons.

“ We were hardly seated ere the fine  
 “ blue sky, with which we had the  
 “ former part of the day been favoured,  
 “ suddenly became dark and lowering.  
 “ A storm of thunder and lightning  
 “ ensued : lightning which almost terri-  
 “ fied me out of my senses. I covered  
 “ my eyes with both my hands, and hid  
 “ my face on the lap of my governess ;  
 “ but sir William did not long suffer  
 “ me to remain in that posture. While  
 “ I was half dead with terror he took  
 “ me on his lap, reclined my head on  
 “ his bosom, and endeavoured to calm  
 “ my

“ my emotions by the most soothing  
 “ tenderneſſes. Thoſe endeavours, how-  
 “ ever, were loſt on me : I was inſen-  
 “ ſible to every thing that paſſed, except  
 “ the danger to which we were expoſed.  
 “ So wholly did that one idea engroſs  
 “ my thoughts, that I made no reſiſt-  
 “ ance to his careſſes ; nor, till I found  
 “ myſelf on a couch in a room where  
 “ there was a good fire, did I know  
 “ that we had reached the end of our  
 “ journey.

“ The ſtorm continued to rage with  
 “ redoubled violence. I returned thanks  
 “ to Heaven for having, as I hoped,  
 “ found a place of ſafety. I felt my-  
 “ ſelf, however, much diſordered with

" terror and fatigue. My governess  
 " proposed my immediately retiring to  
 " rest. I said I could not sleep in such  
 " a dreadful night; that I would rather  
 " continue on the couch, where I was  
 " sufficiently at my ease, than go to  
 " bed. After some remonstrances she  
 " acquiesced in my determination.

" A servant entered soon after with  
 " some mulled wine. Mrs. Bladon oblig-  
 " ed me to drink half a tumbler of it.  
 " Scarce had I swallowed the pernicious  
 " dose, when I found myself oppressed  
 " with drowsiness. Sir William came  
 " in, and seated himself by me on the  
 " couch. I saw the vile Bladon about  
 " to leave the room, on which I made  
 " an

“ an effort to rise, but was stopped by  
 “ Sir William, who held me down in  
 “ his arms, and almost stifled me with  
 “ kisses. Astonishment, fear and horror,  
 “ gave me strength, and even prevented  
 “ the effects of the stupifying draught  
 “ they had administered. I struggled  
 “ with all my force, and, when I could  
 “ regain the use of my voice, added  
 “ screams to my resistance. Nothing,  
 “ however, of that nature could intimi-  
 “ date my cruel ravisher, or prevail on  
 “ him to desist from his detestable pur-  
 “ pose. Hoarse with calling fruitlessly  
 “ for assistance, and exhausted almost to  
 “ fainting with my struggles, I must  
 “ have fallen a wretched victim to the  
 “ most detestable of passions, had not



"Heaven seasonably interposed in my  
 "behalf.

"As I lay, forcibly held down on the  
 "floor, panting for breath, my nose  
 "bleeding, my hair hanging over my  
 "forehead and shoulders, with my hand-  
 "kerchief torn off, a loud rapping was  
 "heard at the gate. My ravisher, roused  
 "by the noise, quitted his hold of me,  
 "and rested for a moment in a listening  
 "posture on his elbow. The rap was  
 "immediately repeated: and on some  
 "one's asking, Who's there? an answer  
 "was returned in a man's voice, Open  
 "the gate: my master, in his way to  
 "London, has been caught in the  
 "storm, and as there is no inn within  
 "two

“two miles of this place, he hopes  
“you will suffer him to take shelter  
“here.

“Who is your master? resumed those  
“within.

“Mr. Roachdale, returned the other;  
“only son of sir William Roachdale.

“This answer was no sooner given  
“than in hurried Mrs. Bladon.

“Sir, sir, cried she, beckoning her  
“wicked employer, did you hear?

“’Tis a cursed accident, said he,  
“getting up, and putting on his wig,

" which had fallen off in the scuffle ;  
 " who could have thought he would  
 " have stumbled on this out-of-the-way  
 " retired place ?

" While he spoke I heard the gate  
 " open, and a carriage enter the court-  
 " yard. In a few minutes after, Mr.  
 " Roachdale's well-known voice blessed  
 " my ear.

" Which room must I go to ? cried  
 " he. On which sir William hurried to  
 " secure the door of ours ; but I, spring-  
 " ing up, reached it first, and, throw-  
 " ing it open, called out as loud as I  
 " could, Help, help, good people ! O  
 " save

“ save me, save a hapless young crea-  
“ ture from destruction !

“ Mrs. Bladon came behind me and  
“ endeavoured to force me from the  
“ door, at the same time that she held  
“ one of her hands before my mouth.  
“ As for Sir William, he stood the most  
“ mortified perplexed figure I ever be-  
“ held, not knowing how to act, or  
“ where to hide himself from the im-  
“ pending disgrace.

“ Mean time, Mr. Roachdale, who  
“ had heard my screams, advanced, ac-  
“ companied by the people of the house.  
“ They rushed in, and beheld us in the  
“ situation before described.

" Mr. Roachdale instantly conjectured  
 " that some iniquitous affair was going  
 " on, but respect for his father made  
 " him check the just horror he felt at  
 " such a scene. His looks, however,  
 " first cast at me, then at Sir William,  
 " sufficiently expressed his thoughts.  
 " The vile Bladon let go her hold, on  
 " which I ran and threw myself at his  
 " feet, but without having power to  
 " speak.

" Good G—d! cried he, what am I  
 " to think of all this? My father! my  
 " niece! the grandchild of the former!  
 " 'Tis too shocking, too horrid but to  
 " imagine.

" Ah



“ Ah sir, interrupted I, my tears at  
 “ the same time finding vent as well as  
 “ my words, would to Heaven I were  
 “ your neice, I should then have escaped  
 “ this infamous attempt. Sir William,  
 “ wicked as he is, would have spared  
 “ the virtue of his child. But I have  
 “ no parents, no friends, a poor desti-  
 “ tute orphan whom it is thought no  
 “ crime to insult, whom none think it  
 “ worth their while to protect.

“ Do they not? said Mr. Roachdale,  
 “ eagerly. Yes, in me you behold one  
 “ who would lay down his life to serve  
 “ you. Rise then, my sweet, injured,  
 “ girl, fear not to honour me with your  
 “ confidence. Come with me, and leave  
 “ those

“ those who have treated you so in-  
 “ humanly to the punishment of their  
 “ own reflections. For this night the  
 “ woman of the house shall be your  
 “ companion. I will sit up to guard  
 “ you from farther insults, and in the  
 “ morning will conduct you to my  
 “ daughter. With her you will be safe,  
 “ and I hope happy, also, in her friend-  
 “ ship and society. That done I shall  
 “ pursue my journey to town.

“ He had raised me, and held my hand  
 “ pressed between his while he spoke.

“ I was at a loss for words to express  
 “ my grateful acknowledgements. As  
 “ difficult a task should I find it to de-  
 “ scribe

“ scribe the delightful emotions I at that  
 “ moment experienced. In one word,  
 “ my happiness seemed incapable of  
 “ increase. Delivered from the worst of  
 “ all misfortunes, and that by the man  
 “ who of all the world I would have  
 “ wished to deliver me; to see that ami-  
 “ able man, to hear his kind and sooth-  
 “ ing accents of friendship; to have  
 “ the prospect of living under the same  
 “ roof with him; what could fortune  
 “ do more to make me amends for her  
 “ late cruelty? I thought myself abun-  
 “ dantly recompensed for all my suf-  
 “ ferings.

“ Sir William made no effort to de-  
 “ tain me. He sat pensively on the  
 “ couch,

“couch, his eyes fixed on the ground,  
 “not having the confidence to look up  
 “to a son whose virtues were now a  
 “reproach to him.

“Mr. Roachdale led me to an apart-  
 “ment adjoining.

“Though I have but a very indif-  
 “ferent opinion of the people here, said  
 “he, yet I think it will be most agree-  
 “able to you to have a female com-  
 “panion. Let the woman then sit up  
 “by you. 'Tis necessary you should  
 “have some rest. My poor Henrietta,  
 “continued he, looking at me with ten-  
 “der compassion in his charming eyes,  
 “how cruelly they have treated you!

As

“As he spoke this he wiped my face  
 “with his handkerchief. My nose, as I  
 “before said, had bled, and disfigured  
 “both it and my cloaths. He advised  
 “me to lie down without undressing on  
 “the bed, and retiring a few paces,  
 “bade the woman of the house, attend  
 “me. Ah how delicate in every re-  
 “spect was his amiable conduct! He  
 “drew near again.

“Will you permit me to watch by  
 “your bed-side? said he. Dare you  
 “trust me?

“Most willingly, returned I eagerly.  
 “Nay, indeed, dear sir, I shall not  
 “think myself safe if you leave me;  
 “and



186 THE MORNING RAMBLE.

“and yet you are fatigued with your  
“journey. I am inconsiderate and  
“selfish. Leave me then, Sir, let me  
“not deprive you of your night’s rest.

“Rest you for us both, my lovely  
“girl, softly whispered he, pressing my  
“hand between his. Good night, make  
“no answer.

“He reclined back in his elbow chair,  
“still continuing to hold my hand: the  
“woman placed herself by the fire.  
“Was it in nature that I could sleep?  
“Is slumber to be found amidst a train  
“of the most lively sensations? Or  
“could I think of closing my eyes when  
“there

“ there was so charming an object for  
“ them to contemplate ?

“ Soft love, which balmy sleep denies,”  
“ kept me waking. But Mr. Roachdale  
“ having no such passion to disturb his  
“ repose, soon yielded to

“ Tired nature’s sweet restorer.”

“ His fingers quitted their hold, and  
“ my hand dropped from his, which  
“ had been stretched out to receive it,  
“ That dear hand now lay motion-  
“ less and enervated on my pillow.  
“ Was such a temptation to be resisted ?  
“ Gratitude, friendship,—must I add  
“ love ?—compelled me. I almost in-  
“ volun-

“ voluntarily raised my head, and bend-  
 “ ing forward pressed it with my lips.  
 “ He waked, he caught me in the fact.  
 “ How severely did my modesty suffer  
 “ for my indiscretion! He gazed at  
 “ me with a mixture of pleasure and  
 “ surprise; and sighed forth sweet and en-  
 “ gaging simplicity! How preferable  
 “ to that artful disguise which fashion,  
 “ which custom imposes! He spoke  
 “ in a low voice; then reclining his  
 “ head, sat with his eyes fixed on my  
 “ blushing face, deeply meditating, and,  
 “ as I guessed by the expression of his  
 “ countenance, recollecting some par-  
 “ ticulars of my past behaviour, which  
 “ served, I feared, to confirm his then  
 “ suspi-

“suspicions, he had no longer any  
“inclination to sleep.

“Next morning, by break of day,  
“we heard the noise of a carriage.  
“The woman went to the window.

“’Tis the gentleman who brought  
“you here last night, Miss, cry’d she;  
“he is going, so are the gentlewoman  
“and his servants.

“Then order my chaise, also, said  
“Mr. Roachdale; and while it is get-  
“ting ready make some tea for this  
“young Lady.

“His

" His orders were instantly obeyed.  
 " While he went out to speak to his  
 " man, I rose, and at a small piece of  
 " looking-glass, fixed up against the  
 " window, adjusted my dress as well as  
 " I could. The woman brought me  
 " my white farset cloak which served  
 " to cover my soil'd, and torn linen.  
 " I was pleased to see the agreeable  
 " change produced on my face by its  
 " being washed, and my hair combed.  
 " I had lost my cap, nor was it any  
 " where to be found; but my hair,  
 " having the advantage of natural ring-  
 " lets, stood the less in need of orna-  
 " ments. I fastened it up with a bow  
 " of sky-coloured ribbons, so that when  
 " Mr. Roachdale returned, he found me  
 " seated



“ seated at the tea-table as neat as if I  
“ had had the command of my wardrobe.  
“ The happy situation of my mind too  
“ had given a bloom to my complexion.  
“ At sixteen, the memory of disagree-  
“ able incidents are easily obliterated by  
“ scenes of a contrary nature.

“ I am happy, said Mr. Rochdale,  
“ in seeing you look so chearful, and so  
“ lovely too, added he in a half-whis-  
“ per, taking my hand. But, charm-  
“ ing Henrietta, continued he, in a  
“ more serious tone, you cannot con-  
“ ceive how impatient I am to have the  
“ hints more clearly explained which  
“ you dropped last night. An orphan!  
“ No

" No relation of mine ! How fur-  
 " prising is all this !

" 'Tis too true, Sir, returned I  
 " mournfully, that I have not the ho-  
 " nour to be related to you. I will in-  
 " form you of the particulars during  
 " our journey, though they are mor-  
 " tifying particulars for me.

" Why so, my charming girl ? inter-  
 " rupted he. The force of a tender  
 " friendship is often much stronger than  
 " the ties of blood. I loved you as my  
 " Niece : now, added he, with a gentle  
 " smile, I will love you as an accom-  
 " plished, amiable, and virtuous girl,  
 " who stands in need of a protector,

THE MORNING RAMBLE. 193

“ and whom it shall be my happiness  
“ and honour to protect. In saying  
“ this he took my hand and led me to  
“ the carriage.

“ I shall say nothing of our journey,  
“ as the feelings of one in my situation  
“ may easily be imagined. I would  
“ have preferred the seat I filled by the  
“ side of Mr. Roachdale to a throne.

“ About nine at night we reached  
“ Myrtle Hall. Eliza and her gover-  
“ nefs were just going to supper, little  
“ expecting such guests. The noise of  
“ a carriage so late in the evening sur-  
“ prised them, but much more were  
“ they surprised when they saw my

“ charming deliverer advance, leading  
 “ the happy Henrietta. Miss Roach-  
 “ dale uttered an exclamation of joy,  
 “ and welcomed me by the most friendly  
 “ caresses.

“ I present to you a new-found sister,  
 “ Eliza, cry'd Mr. Roachdale. Regard  
 “ her as such, for she is no longer your  
 “ cousin. I am serious, continued he,  
 “ seeing her surprised; a few words will  
 “ serve to explain the mystery. My  
 “ sister, to regain the favour of your  
 “ grandfather, which she had forfeited  
 “ by her marriage, imposed this young  
 “ Lady on him as her child. The birth  
 “ of a son has induced her to discover  
 “ the imposture. Sir William is a fe-  
 “ cond

“ cond time offended. In the first  
“ transports of our anger, we are apt to  
“ punish the innocent with the guilty,  
“ for which reason I have taken the  
“ amiable Henrietta under my care  
“ and deputed myself her guardian.  
“ These, in brief, are the heads of our  
“ story, and now let us partake of your  
“ repast.

“ Nothing but gaiety and good hu-  
“ mour reigned at this social meal. In  
“ spite of the fatigue I had under-  
“ gone the passed day and night, I felt  
“ no inclination to retire to rest; so  
“ much were my spirits elevated by the  
“ presence of my generous friends. Next  
“ morning, however, they received a



“ severe check by the departure of Mr.  
 “ Roachdale, who was obliged on bu-  
 “ siness of importance to renew his  
 “ journey to London. He stayed there  
 “ a whole tedious fortnight, which to  
 “ me appeared an age, though I was as  
 “ happy as it was possible for me to be  
 “ in his absence, in the company of Eliza,  
 “ whose behaviour to me was most ami-  
 “ ably engaging. She even said to me  
 “ one day, Dear Henrietta, I can ne-  
 “ ver repay the obligations I owe you  
 “ for having produced so favourable a  
 “ change in my beloved father. Till  
 “ he beheld you he was sunk in melan-  
 “ choly, a melancholy which had sub-  
 “ sisted so long that we all thought it  
 “ incurable; but now he is quite a dif-  
 “ ferent

“ferent man: he has shaken off that  
 “stupor of grief which rendered every  
 “thing in life insipid to him. His na-  
 “tural vivacity returns again: he en-  
 “gages in laudable pursuits. If you  
 “was not so young, continued she with  
 “a smile, I could wish to have a new  
 “tie added to those which already so  
 “forcibly attach me to you. What  
 “would you think of becoming a mo-  
 “ther-in-law to such a well-grown dam-  
 “sel as myself? I assure you I would  
 “be a very dutiful child. And as to  
 “my father, though not much above  
 “twice as old as your Ladyship, which  
 “is a trifle, yet I can tell you that  
 “Ladies as young, if not as handsome  
 “as yourself, have sigh’d for him. Nay

" in Italy it was quite the *bon ton* to  
 " admire him, and he might have pick-  
 " ed and chosen a wife from amongst the  
 " finest women in the place. Nobody  
 " was to compare to the charming ele-  
 " gant chevalier Roachdale.

" O, thought I, while she thus ran  
 " on, they did him no more than justice.  
 " But her raillery in regard to my be-  
 " coming his wife, had excited such  
 " violent emotions that I am surprised  
 " they escaped her notice. My face  
 " and neck were suffused with blushes,  
 " I trembled, and had hardly power to  
 " draw my breath, far less was it in  
 " my power to answer her in her own  
 " style; and I certainly must have been  
 " be-

“betrayed, had not the seasonable en-  
“trance of her governess put a stop to  
“our conversation.

“One morning we had, in light sum-  
“mer dresses, strolled into the park be-  
“fore breakfast. Our gowns were  
“chintz, our petticoats white muslin,  
“hats chip, with a profusion of pale  
“pink ribbons, carelessly put on, and  
“some of the ringlets of my hair had  
“made their escape and hung down to  
“the bottom of my waist: in short we  
“might have been mistaken for a pair  
“of those blooming nymphs which the  
“poets have fabled in their Pastoral  
“Arcadia. I am the more particular  
“about my dress and appearance, be-

" cause, on that fatal morn, fate de-  
 " cided my doom, and marked me out  
 " for wretchedness; a wretchedness  
 " which I might have been exempt  
 " from, had nature been less liberal of  
 " her gifts; those dangerous gifts on  
 " which I then set but too much value.

" Eliza and I had selected two re-  
 " markably-pretty deer from the herd  
 " as our favourites; and to distinguish  
 " them from the rest had bound the  
 " ribbon that was most suited to our  
 " taste round their necks. We had as  
 " usual brought bread to feed them  
 " with. Mine stood quietly to eat his  
 " breakfast, till the report of a gun at  
 " some distance put him to flight.  
 " With



" With girlish vivacity I pursued his  
 " bounding steps : a very unequal race.  
 " He took across the road which lay  
 " at the extremity of the Park, and  
 " which led to the Hall. I was just  
 " going to whisk after him, dusty as it  
 " was, when I was stopped by the sight  
 " of a carriage that, fortunately for  
 " me, stopped also to prevent running  
 " over me. It was a phaeton, in which  
 " sat two gentlemen, one of whom, at  
 " the first glance, I found to be Mr.  
 " Roachdale. In an instant he vaulted  
 " from his carriage and stood before  
 " me. A blush of pleasure added to  
 " the rosy hue which the fresh air and  
 " my race had given to my complexion.  
 " What a wild figure must I have made  
 " with

“with my flowing hair, my hat blown  
 “on one side, and my ribbons flying like  
 “streamers!

“Roachdale, cried the gentleman in  
 “the chaise, what sylvan diety have you  
 “got there; what beauteous wood-  
 “nymph? I am all impatience for the  
 “honour of being introduced to her.

“Then give the reins to one of the  
 “servants, and let us go in quest of my  
 “daughter, whom this little charmer, I  
 “find, has left in the Park, said Mr.  
 “Roachdale; and I hope they will treat  
 “us with a breakfast in return for our  
 “complaisance.

“So

“So saying he put my arms under  
“his, by way of preparing for our  
“walk.

“The stranger dismounted and ad-  
“vanced with the air of a courtier.

“He appeared to be about five or six  
“years younger than his companion.  
“But though he had the advantage in  
“youth, nature had been far less liberal  
“of her graces : yet he was, upon the  
“whole, what one might call a hand-  
“some man. Nay, I afterwards found  
“that the ladies in general were his  
“admirers. His face, without having  
“those captivating expressive features  
“of

" of his friend, was nevertheless man-  
 " ly, and not unpleasing. O how have  
 " I patience to describe him?—But  
 " time has blunted my feelings. In  
 " his manner he was gay, well bred,  
 " trifled agreeably, and had an air of  
 " thoughtless unconcern, which I never  
 " (till fatally convinced of it) should  
 " have suspected to have been worn as  
 " a mask to cover deep artifice, and a  
 " most plotting heart.

" He was a baronet, of large estate  
 " and ancient family. Mr. Roachdale  
 " became acquainted with him while  
 " in Italy. A sort of friendship sub-  
 " sisted between them. Mr. Roachdale  
 " knew not his true character, and fir  
 " Harry

“ Harry Bradshaw was bound to him  
 “ by an obligation that must affect even  
 “ the most ungrateful : no less than the  
 “ being indebted to him for the prefer-  
 “ vation of his life, in an affair of  
 “ honour, which, however, I have since  
 “ learnt, was, on the part of sir Harry,  
 “ attended by no very honourable cir-  
 “ cumstances ; but of those his generous  
 “ preserver was ignorant.

“ During our ramble through the  
 “ Park in search of Eliza, the knight  
 “ took occasion to pay me a number of  
 “ gallant compliments, which I suffered  
 “ to pass in silence on my part, suffi-  
 “ ciently happy in being so near Mr.  
 “ Roachdale. I stood not in need of  
 “ flattery



" flattery to keep up my spirits. With  
 " what pleasure did I lean upon his  
 " dear supporting arm ! I could hardly  
 " resist the inclination I felt to press it  
 " to my heart.

" We met Eliza hastening towards  
 " the house, not a little alarmed at my  
 " precipitate disappearance.

" After breakfast Eliza and I retired  
 " to dress, then joined the gentlemen  
 " and some other company in the wood,  
 " where, having strolled for a while, we  
 " entered a rustick temple, and were  
 " entertained with an elegant concert.  
 " Some of the performers Mr. Roach-  
 " dale had brought with him from Lon-  
 " don,

“ don, Because I knew, whispered he  
“ to me, and pressing my hand, how  
“ passionately fond the lovely Henrietta  
“ is of music.

“ Amiable, most engaging of men!  
“ breathed I to myself.

“ Though we had an Italian who  
“ sung like a syren, yet would Mr.  
“ Roachdale oblige me, also, in my  
“ turn, to accompany the harpsichord  
“ with my voice. I was in a tremor,  
“ but could not find in my heart to re-  
“ fuse him. It was not in my power,  
“ however, to compose myself enough  
“ to make choice of my song, but took  
“ the first that offered, which proved to be,

“ If

" If 'tis joy to wound a lover,

" How much more to give him ease!"

" The company were so complaisant  
 " as to commend both my voice and  
 " manner, but none of them were so  
 " loud in my praise as fir Harry. Yet  
 " how much more affecting to my heart  
 " was a single look from Mr. Roach-  
 " dale; and how much more expressive  
 " too, than all the fine speeches of  
 " the other!"

" O thrice happy days of innocence  
 " and peace, how do I delight to dwell  
 " on the pleasing recollection! Short,  
 " alas! was their duration, but long and  
 " lasting are my woes.

The END of VOL. I.